

# *THE* GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

*September Magazine Number*



*Winnipeg, Man.*

*September 2, 1925*



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## Some Novel Discoveries

*Readers devise ways of saving  
money and materials*

The tops of talcum powder cans make novel cookie cutters. To avoid denting the edges and spoiling their shape I hammer the cans off the tops, instead of the tops off the cans.—M. N.

A wall paper cleaner can be made at home quite easily. Take one cup water, one cup flour, three teaspoons vinegar, three teaspoons ammonia, one teaspoon carbon oil and boil all together, stirring constantly until thick. Work into balls of a convenient size and rub the paper with downward strokes, working inward the soiled parts of the cleaner. A circular motion should never be used. This cleaner will not streak or spot if made as directed.—Mrs. L. S.

Before re-calsomining a wall that has been spattered with grease, wash it thoroughly with hot water and any good washing powder. This cuts the grease. Allow the wall to dry before calomining. Unless it is treated in this way the calomine will refuse to stick to the grease spots.—G. W. W.

Hot water bottles that leak can be made use of in the following ways. Cut soles out of the flat sides and cover with a piece of woolen material. These make warm and waterproof insoles for a pair of shoes when the soles commence to wear out. They are also fine for children's house slippers as they make good soles and keep the feet dry.—Mrs. R. H. H.

When my shoe laces broke and no others could be found, I took the back part of a worn-out over-mitt. Although the inside was gone the outside was mostly good. To make the laces, I cut the leather with a knife round and round the edge in a continuous strip of the right width. This gave me almost three pairs for ordinary workmen's boots. For the softest laces I think I would prefer mulehide mitts as horsehide might get hard. Once when I was short of coat buttons I just took the leather of a worn out sole of a shoe, and cut it in circles of the right size. I made the holes with a revolving punch.—L. C.

Raw carrots and potatoes for steamed puddings may be run through the meat chopper. The vegetables are cut up quite finely enough and much time is saved.—H. M. T.

For threshing time buy a strip of white oilcloth a few inches longer than your longest table and keep it for threshing use only. When through with it, roll and tie in two places. Take a piece of good firm cord about 12 inches long and to either end of this tie a spring clothes pin. Attach these pins to one end of the roll, opposite each other and hang the loop over a nail in the corner of a cupboard. The cloth never cracks and there is no need to buy another piece next year.—Betty Clay.

I save a good deal of soda by putting wood ashes and water in pans that have burned. The alkali from the ashes loosens the material that has stuck to the pans. During the course of a year I have saved many cents by this method.—Mrs. J. L.

Torn pockets on my aprons and house dresses were the bane of my life. When making new ones I tried putting the pockets on the left side and find that they seldom tear. On some of the aprons I have made recently, I placed the pockets on the inside at the right and it works splendidly. This arrangement also prevents the usual collection of crumbs and dust in the bottom of pockets and saves time on wash day.—Mrs. P. A.

If you break glass and it is shattered into many little pieces don't attempt to pick them up but dampen a piece of cotton batting or crushed and moistened tissue paper and use it for collecting the bits.—Miss B. Y.

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# THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

September Magazine Number

GEORGE F CHIPMAN, Editor and Manager

Associate Editors: J. T. HULL, P. M. ABEL

Household Editors: AMY J. ROE, MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

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There is hardly a people but has practiced some needlework that has been peculiarly its own. Often in the early history of a nation, color as well as design had a sacred and unique significance. This is readily instanced in the life of the American Indian, whose civilization is comparatively young. As time went on and the people of the various nations and races made progress towards higher levels of living and more complex forms of expression, it was largely left to the women to carry on in their homes the simple forms of the old days. And from the designs, frequently at first religious in character, have grown many of the patterns used in clothing and house furnishings.

Some of the types of articles and the work done in the homes of the people have made their countries famous in the markets of the world. And while machine-made products are largely displacing them they are still eagerly sought by those who have wealth and those who have a love for the art of the past.

Canada, like her sister neighbor, the United States, has drawn to her shores, men and women from nearly every country on the face of the globe. They have come, bringing with them the customs and the fashions of the lands from which they came and they have also brought with them skill in certain home handicrafts which was acquired through many long years of practice.

Thus we can view in many Canadian homes today bits of work done by women who came from Ukraine, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Denmark, Poland, Russia or from the British Isles. The pity of it is that through lack of the proper appreciation of the beauty of the hand work of the different nations that the skill to do it may die out with the present generation. True it can always be revived from the home land, but Canada and Canadian homes are the losers if this great wealth of material is neglected here at our very doors.

But we are fortunately learning today, a fresh and deeper

## SKILL FROM MANY LANDS

Our eyes are trained to observe the simplicity of form and the charm of color and design. We realize that standardized factory-made products have put within our reach a degree of comfort and convenience that we could not possibly possess if we depended entirely upon hand-made articles.

And while we demand the first as a necessity for present day living we seek the latter so that we may treasure in our homes some things which are rich in their association with the past. And in this country we have a rare opportunity, if we will, to select the best of the art of the many people who come to us. While we use and appreciate the beauty of the things they make we learn to understand the people, themselves better.

The accompanying illustration shows a Russian woman busy at the task of converting wool, gathered from sheep on a Canadian farm, into yarn which will be later used in making articles of clothing. Some of her countrywomen busy themselves making linen from flax. These are old home industries now almost entirely gone, but the interest in them still remains.

The showing, at large and small exhibitions, of the needlework and the home crafts has gone a long way towards impressing the public with the value and the beauty of the work done. In some of the larger centres in the East as well as in the West, definite movements have been started by women's organizations to encourage, retain, revive and develop home arts and crafts, in order that they may not deteriorate or be lost altogether. In the past there has not been a market for the articles made, and this has led to a stagnation of effort on the part of those who are fitted to do the work. The present growing appreciation of the work done and the organized assistance given by women, will do much to revive interest in the revival of home crafts.—A. J. R.



[Photo by Edith S. Watson]  
A Russian woman in British Columbia, busy at task of making yarn from raw wool

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## OUR NATIVE TREES

A study of the Douglas Fir

By DAN McCOWAN

**T**HE Douglas Fir, one of the most noteworthy trees of Western Canada, takes its name from David Douglas, a wandering botanist, from Scotland. He discovered and named this species of tree in the year 1825. Strange to say the tree is not a fir, neither can it be classed with the spruce, the pine or the larch. It is eminently a North American tree and might well have been given a more distinctive name. Not that it lacks common names, however, for it has many an alias. Red Fir, Douglas Spruce, Yellow Fir, Oregon Pine, Red Pine, Puget Sound Pine and Cork Bark Spruce are some of its best known names.

The most outstanding characteristics of the Douglas Fir are its noble size and rugged appearance. It is the largest tree in Canada, ranging in height from 150 to 300 feet, and measuring up to 15 feet in diameter near the base. During the present year the writer had opportunity of examining and measuring a giant fir which had crashed to earth in a spring gale. Its total length was 325 feet, its girth 31 feet. The annular rings showed that it had lived for over 850 years. There were 25,000 feet of lumber (board measure) contained in this enormous tree trunk.

In old trees of this type the trunk is clear of branches for almost half the height, and there is but little taper from root to crown. The bark is very thick and "corky" and being slow to ignite forms a valuable protective covering from fire. There is but little damage done to these trees by insects, worms or fungi. The leaves are slightly flattened, sharp pointed and dark green in color. The cones are from two to four inches long, these hanging downward instead

of standing erect as in the true firs. Indeed the tree may readily be distinguished by its cones, the scales of which bear three-pointed bracts. These project so markedly as to give the cone a feathered appearance. Like the spruce and pines, this tree is an "ever-green."

The type of Douglas Fir rooted in Alberta soil is a hardier tree than its coast relative. It may be found growing throughout the forested areas on the eastern slope of the Rockies where it thrives well. Although somewhat slow of growth this tree has graceful proportions, attractive foliage, and is not likely to suffer from frost or from insect pests. When it is desired to cultivate Douglas Fir, the Alberta variety will be found most suitable for use throughout the prairie provinces. It is interesting to note that Douglas Fir is now being extensively planted in Great Britain, where doubtless it will, in course of time, furnish a valuable supply of lumber.

Douglas Fir lumber is strong, stiff and durable. On this account and by reason of its large size it is particularly well adapted for structural purposes such as bridge building and for the framing of large barns. In the West it is extensively used in the manufacture of tanks, silos, conduit pipes and flumes. Large quantities are sliced into thin veneer boards for the interior decoration of dwelling houses. Flooring is made from fir while creosoted blocks of this wood form a pavement that is clean, noiseless and has excellent wearing qualities. Douglas Fir is one of our most valuable crops, no less than 750,000,000 feet of this wood passing annually through the sawmills of Western Canada.



The two pictures above tell their own story. The upper shows a forest of Douglas Fir, "untouched by the desecrating hand of man," example of the great waste by fire

The lower shows an example of the great waste by fire through somebody's carelessness.

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Have you used a classified ad. to buy sell or exchange the things you produce or use on the farm? More and more farmers are finding advertising pay when they use The Guide. Some market seed grain, grass seed, poultry and such things through a classified ad. in the Farmers' Market Place year after year. They build up a regular business and make good money too. For instance, A. G. Scholz, Hallgarth, Sask., wrote us saying: "I have used your ad.

column for a number of years with the best of success and have sold thousands of dollars' worth of Western Rye Grass."

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# THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATE

By JOHN FRANCIS SLATER

HE came slowly up the road from the main highway, one hot August afternoon, as Grace Manley stood, in a graceful attitude which was not altogether unassuming, amid her clustering fowl.

"A motorist coming to ask the way," she decided, wondering why he had not brought his car up the road. But as he approached sufficiently near for her to note details, her hands dropped to her side, and, forgetting altogether to pose, she stood gazing in honest wonder.

He was a young man, bareheaded and without coat. His grey flannel trousers were shrunken and torn, and tatters of a once white shirt eluded the restraint of his belt.

Accustomed though she was to the waifs and strays of humanity who strayed to her father's farm in search of casual labor, Grace, with a sudden sense of her aloneness, measured the distance to the house with a longing eye. But something in the bearing of the approaching apparition reassured her. The lean figure stooped as though weak or weary and—he had advanced by this time near enough for her to study his features—wide-set grey eyes gazed at her with a look of almost timid appeal.

He came to a halt before her and attempted to raise his hat. The discovery that it was non-existent seemed to confuse him utterly. Grace stifled a desire to laugh.

"Good afternoon?" she said, on a note of enquiry.

His eyes rested on her face, and she waited expectantly for the look of admiration which she was accustomed to meet and to snub.

"Are you the owner of this farm?" he asked, with no quickening of his glance.

"My father is," she answered, shortly.

"Do you think," he asked, tensely, "that he would be likely to hire a man?"

"I'm sure he would not," Grace asserted. "His outfit was filled up, long ago!"

Her scorn was intense. If he were seeking work in the middle of harvest, some farmer had sent him away already in an exasperation that had grown until it outweighed his need of help and still more help to stook the wheat which the binders were laying low. Such men roamed from farm to farm, hired by desperate farmers who hoped for a miracle, and fired as soon as their laziness and incompetence passed all bearing.

No spark of resentment lighted the youth's grey eyes. He turned to go, submissively, and again made the involuntary gesture to raise a non-existent cap.

Something in his hopeless bearing touched the girl with sudden compunction.

"Have you been sick?" she asked, in a gentler tone.

The youth hesitated, while a painful color mantled in his hollow cheeks.

"Kind of," he admitted.

"You do look pulled down," murmured the girl, and added, dryly,

"Bootlegger stuff, I suppose!"

She was startled at the change which swept over his countenance.

"No!" he answered, almost fiercely.

"Good afternoon."

"Wait," said Grace, strangely reluctant to let him go. "I suppose you wouldn't be willing to do chores?"

"I'm willing to do anything."

"Can you milk?"

"I don't—remember."

"That means that you can't," she told him, impatiently. "Why don't you admit it?"

"I'm willing to try," he said, watching her anxiously.

"It would take too long to teach you, but if you like to bring the cows up from the pasture over there, I'll

ask father to let you have supper with the men."

"When did you eat last?" she asked on an impulse.

"I don't remember," he repeated, and blushed again.

"Good night!"—She sped into the house, and returned with a huge slice of bread in her hands—"eat this as you go."

She stood watching him from the shadow of the doorway. Until he reached the gate he did not touch the bread, then, after a quick glance over his shoulder he commenced to eat.

"Starving!" she murmured, and her brow creased in a puzzled frown. "Yet any of the farmers would have given him a meal for the asking. I wonder why he didn't ask. Perhaps he is an escaped convict and was afraid to." She could hardly have explained why the idea was so absurd that she laughed gaily as she uttered it. "Anyhow," she concluded, addressing the retreating back, "you've given me something to wonder about, Mr. Mystery Man, and in return I'll do my best to persuade father to hire you."

Rapidly, she set about preparing the evening meal. Since her mother's death, six years before, she had kept Steve Manley's house and fed his hired men, and for the most part she had done it single-handed. Her strong young body made light of the tasks which even modern equipment could not make other than laborious. But of late her mind had commenced to rebel at the never-ending monotony of the same routine followed day by day amid the same scenes and among the same people. Possibly it was the prompting of the same instinct which causes the ant to put on wings for its little day of flight. She was young—but twenty-four, healthy, and not ill-favored, and did life then hold nothing more than

meals to cook and cows to milk? and were the clumsy advances of itinerant

tradesmen and their own farmhands all that she would ever know of the breathless adventure styled "romance"?

She heard the corral gate clang shut and the plaintive complaint of a cow, uneasy with the weight of her milk. Lifting two pails from their hooks, she had almost reached the door when on an impulse she paused and turned to a little mirror which hung over the men's wash-basin.

A piquant face looked out at her, with an upturned saucy nose; a thick crown of auburn hair, with a pendant wad hiding each ear in the fashion which then prevailed; eyes that were neither grey nor green nor brown, but that subtle blending of all three shades which often accompanies ruddy-brown hair. As she moved her head, a fault in the cheap glass sent a weird distortion over the reflection, and with a disgusted grimace she went out to the corral.

The stranger was standing in the midst of the little group of cows, and one friendly matron was industriously removing the caked mud from his tattered shirt, but, he seemed totally unaware of her efforts. His eyes were fixed on a narrow belt of trees which cut a ragged irregular path through the straight wheat fields and smooth pastures. He turned with a start as the girl halted beside him.

"What is the noise, over there?" he demanded, tensely.

"That? You probably hear the river roaring in the gorge. The trees you see are a kind of overflow from its wooded sides. It's a dangerous place. A car ran over the edge four or five days ago. They found the wreck half a mile down the river, but there wasn't a trace of the driver!"

"It—it sounds kind of hungry," stammered the youth, with a visible shudder.

Grace slid on to a stool and commenced to milk with strong supple fingers.

"Do you always milk all these alone?" he asked.

"Only four of them are milking. The man who looks after the stock is sick in the hospital, and all the others are needed in the fields."

She thought he muttered something about "not looking very intricate," but when she glanced up questioningly he had disappeared.

As she rose to her feet a sound caught her ear, and she paused to listen with an expression which changed from astonishment to indignation, and thence to one of complete bewilderment. Someone was among the cows—milking, not with the weak irregular trickle of a beginner, but with the rhythmic "thudge, thudge, thudge," of a heavy stream falling in thick foam. Her second cow was barely dry when he stood before her, the foam hissing richly on a brimming pail.

"I didn't know I could do it!" he exclaimed. "But when I started, it all seemed to come to me."

Grace allowed him to take her pail in silence. Of course it was impossible that he should be speaking the truth. No one ever milked in that manner who had not had many years of experience. But why a man so obviously in need of a job should deny an ability which would surely procure him work was a problem which she could not solve. And, to add to her puzzlement, the whole bearing of the man now emitted an air of conscious achievement which, if it were not so incredible, would seem to corroborate his statement.

As they reached the house door, a car drove up, groaning beneath the weight of six men clad in shapeless combination overalls. The driver, a short middle-aged man with greying hair, and the youth beside him, seemed of Anglo-Saxon origin, but Slav was stamped indelibly in the broad flat features and prominent cheekbones of the four men in the back seat.

"Milking all done, Miss Grace?" enquired the youth, leaping out. "You should have waited until I could help you. I'll put it through the separator, anyway."

He held out a hand for the pail, but as his eye took in the stranger's clothing he started back.

"Why—what the Sam Hill!" he muttered.

"I still have my strength, thank you," said the newcomer, in a dry, cool tone, which showed none of his former timidity. "Since I milked half of this I feel kind of responsible."

For a moment blue eyes stared fiercely into grey, then the man who had driven the car intervened.

"Why don't you make us known to one another, Grace?" he asked.

"Of course! Meet Mr. Lane and Mr. Baird, Mr. ———?"

She turned enquiringly, and caught a baffled, hunted look, which descended on the newcomer's face like a cloud. For a moment they waited in an uneasy silence, then young Baird uttered a scornful laugh. The effect was instantaneous. The stranger stiffened and drew himself together.

"My name?" he asked, eyeing Baird coolly. "You can call me Sam Hill."

"Here's father!" Grace exclaimed, with a sensation of relief. "Come in to supper, all of you."

The man, who arrived a moment later, was long, lean and muscular, with a wind-dried skin and keen grey eyes, "driver" was expressed in every inch of his spare frame. A sudden tenderness made his hard face attractive as his glance lingered for a moment upon his daughter, and passed to give a swift piercing look at the stranger.

"Father," Grace said, hurriedly. "This is Mr. Hill." He is looking for work, and I told him that you had your outfit all made up, but that he could stay and have supper if he liked, and he milked two of the cows for me in no time."

"Sure," Manley assented, heartily. "Sit right in."

His eyes took in the tattered shirt and mudcaked clothes and lifted casually to the newcomer's face. "A man's face," Manley often said, "was a one-page diary, on which were condensed the emotions of a lifetime." Let him see a man's face when



"He came slowly up the road from the main highway, one hot August afternoon."



its owner was not on guard, and he would tell you how that man had lived. Grace realized that he was making one of his lightning decisions, and her anxiety as to its outcome surprised her.

"You can take Mike's place," he announced, suddenly. "I'm taking him down to meet the train, tonight. If you tell me where to call for your things I'll bring them out with me."

Hill looked up and met the farmer's gaze.

"These," he said, quietly, "are all I have."

"Me," one of the men spoke up, sullenly. "Me work 14 hours a day for no man. Me free man, me no slave."

"I don't ask any man to work harder than I do myself," Manley told him, shortly. "Be ready to leave in half an hour."

The man pushed back his chair and, followed by young Matt Baird and his compatriots, scowled his way out.

"I should be glad to see the last of that fellow, even if I had no one to take his place," said Manley, when they had passed out of earshot. "He is slowing up the whole outfit by hanging back, and I've a shrewd suspicion that all the jabber he's slinging at them is arguments in favor of less work and more pay. There was something queer about the way the binder picked up that piece of barbed wire on the last round, too."

"He's a bad hombre, all right," assented Lane.

It was only natural that, as part of his duties was to milk the cows and do the fetching and carrying for the house, a kind of intimacy should spring up between Grace Manley and the man who called himself Sam Hill. Not that he ever for a moment lifted the mystery that surrounds his former life, but sometimes, when the cows were fed and the milk separated, he would drop down at her feet on the veranda steps, and as she gossiped to him about her amusements, her neighbors or her work—often with a touch of youthful intolerance—he would insert a quiet comment, or suggest a neighbor's viewpoint in a sympathetic manner which brought a kindlier understanding to the girl, herself.

Sometimes he talked; but it was always of the present or future; never did he seek to illustrate a point or prove an assertion by any reference to his own experience. In this he made a striking contrast to Jim Lane, who had formed a habit of strolling up to join them, and whose every statement reminded him of something which had happened while he was working for this man or that, which again reminded him of something else, until Grace stirred restlessly in her chair, and Sam Hill rose to seek the bunkhouse.

It occurred to Grace, gradually, that there was purpose in Jim Lane's constant presence with Sam Hill, and method in his long-winded monologues. When the realization dawned fully upon her she challenged him indignantly.

"Who do you think that I am, Jim Lane?" she asked, hotly. "And what do you think you are?"

The little man's look of utter amazement was belied by a lurking twinkle.

"You are a mighty pretty young lady, Grace Manley," he answered, gravely, "and I am your good friend."

"You're quite sure I'm not just an ignorant little girl, and you my great-grand-mother?"

"I'm not sure I'm not your great-grand-mother, when it comes to worldly experience," said Lane, with a complacency which irritated the girl strongly. "Hill is a mighty taking fellow, I admit, but we don't know the first thing about him."

"We do! We've watched him all these weeks, and we've seen how the dogs all follow him around, and how gentle he is with the horses and cows. And you've sat with him here in the evenings. Why, Jim Lane! No man could say things like that, and think things like that if—" The roar of the river in the gorge came to her ears, and she seized on it as an illustration—"You don't need to see the whole of a river to know that its waters are clean."

"I was only doing it for your own

good," protested Lane. "You don't need to get mad."

"I'm not getting mad," said Grace, aware that the quiver in her voice belied her words. "But I want to know why you need to speak evil of a man behind his back. I want to know what you have against him!"

"I'm not speaking evil behind his back. Ain't I just said we don't know the first thing about him? S'far as I know, he's as straight a fellow as you'd wish to meet; but if he was as straight as he seems he'd have nothing to hide, and—you mark my words: Sam Hill has something to hide."

"Just because he doesn't choose to give his whole life history to a bunch of dagoes!"

"Has he told you anything? There's another thing: When Hill first came, he said that as far as he remembered he had never worked on a farm before; yet the very day, when your dad tried young Matt Baird on the binder, and he started tying the bands pretty near down on the butts, Sam walks behind the binder and yanks the knotted lever back till it ties just right."

"Hush! Here he comes with father. They seem to be discussing something very seriously. Have you been confiding your fears to dad?"

Lane shook his head.

"Sam has just met the big Russian I fired when he came!" Mr. Manley exclaimed, as they came within earshot. "He may have some good reason for being around here, but it seems queer that he should come back, when I had bought his ticket and seen him safely on the train for the city."

"Queer?" echoed Lane. "I'll bet a dollar he is trying to get your gang away from you. I don't think he'll manage it. Anyhow, we'll know how to manage him if we catch him up to any monkey-work on the farm!"

"Is it safe for Miss Grace to be alone here, all the time that we are in the field?" Hill asked, anxiously.

Grace felt Jim Lane's eyes upon her, and, impelled by a spirit of mischief, smiled at Hill warmly. She caught her breath sharply at the change which passed over his face.

"There will be someone around the barn all the time, now that we are stacking out sheaves," said Lane. "I guess we can look after Grace all right." He emphasized the "we" significantly.

"Well, keep your eyes open, boys," commanded Manley. "Jim, you'd better come and check over what you will need for the separator."

Hill lingered to speak to Grace. "I don't like the idea of your being left alone while that fellow is prowling around," he complained.

"You don't like my being left alone! And yet every night this last week you have bolted out to the bunkhouse immediately your chores were done."

"You weren't lonely then. You had your father—and Jim."

"They just talk over their work until father falls asleep, then Jim goes out. Why haven't you stayed?"

"Because when a man has to give something up which has become very dear to him the sooner he gives it up the better!"

"Gives it up?" echoed Grace. "Do you mean that you are leaving?"

"Just as soon as we finish threshing."

"Are you—are you going home?"

"I haven't any home."

"Then stay with us!" Grace cried, triumphantly. "The man who looked after the stock has found work to do in town. Father will have to keep someone in his place."

"Your father has offered me the place already," Hill told her, sombrely. "I told him I could not stay."

"But why not?" Grace tried unsuccessfully to keep the hurt out of her voice. "I thought you liked us and were quite happy here!"

"Happy!" he echoed, and his tone made it enough.

He stood for a moment in moody silence.

"What right have I to accept your friendship?" he burst out, suddenly. "Who am I?—Just a nobody from nowhere!"

"Father trusts you, and he rarely makes a mistake."

"The harvest and threshing had to

be done. Your father would be bound to put up with anyone who could get through the work."

"Well then," said the girl, boldly. "I like and trust you, and I know you well, now."

Hill's face was suddenly illumined, but he shook his head. Unconsciously he quoted Lane. "You don't know the first thing about me."

"Tell me then," Grace urged. "Why do you make such a mystery of yourself, when I know you have nothing to conceal? Tell me who you are, Sam, and why you came here all battered and torn!"

Hill smiled sadly as he shook his head.

"That's just what I'm not able to do."

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The following evening, Manley attended a farmers' meeting in the village, and Grace was alone in the house. A sharp fall frost made the night air keen, and gave an added cosiness to the panelled sitting-room with its large easy chair before the open fire.

Grace was not nervous, but a restlessness had taken possession of her for which she could not account. She threw the book she was reading to one side with an impatient sigh. Someone was singing in the bunkhouse, and the sound flowed with a pleasant vagueness across the intervening space. Suddenly she realized that she had been waiting for a familiar step on the veranda, followed by a crisp firm knock. With her firm little chin supported on a small brown fist and the firelight gleaming redly in her hair, she fixed her eyes on the glowing coals and strove to realize the situation.

Sam Hill had come to mean more to her than just one of the hired men in whom she was interested because he was something of a mystery, amusing, and in a sense a protégé of her own. He had come to occupy a place in her life which no one else could ever fill. . . . He had said he was going to leave.

Immersed in her thoughts, she did not see the sullen lowering face which was pressed for a moment against the window-pane, and as suddenly withdrawn.

Presently a step sounded on the veranda. Almost before the knock sounded her hand was on the latch. She threw the door open and peered into the darkness.

"Sam, is that you?" she asked, her voice still quivering with emotion of the last hour.

There was no reply, and she stepped on to the veranda, closing the door behind her. Immediately, she was seized in a bearlike clasp, and borne at a jolting run through the darkness. For a moment sheer surprise held her silent, then a loud scream broke from her lips, which was savagely silenced by a choking hand. Twisting her head, she made out the contour of a shaggy head. It bent towards her, and she was sickened by the odor of a whiskey-laden breath.

"You keep quiet, and I not hurt you!"

With a strong effort, Grace controlled her whirling senses. If she fainted now she was lost. She relaxed her stiffened muscles, and sagged supinely in the powerful arms. His hand loosened its fierce clutch on her mouth.

"Grace!" A familiar voice cried, sharply. "Did you call?"

The girl's heart bounded in wild relief. She stiffened so violently that the Russian, taken by surprise, relaxed his hold. Wrenching his hand from her mouth she screamed Hill's name.

There came an answering shout and the sound of rushing feet. Grace was flung violently to the ground as her captor turned to meet the attack. She lay where she had been thrown and watched the dark figures above her in the grip of a nightmare horror which held her powerless to move.

She heard Hill utter an "Ah!" on a note of satisfaction, followed by a smashing impact that set the bulky silhouette to rocking. Recovering, the Russian crouched, and something in his hand glinted wickedly. The sight of the weapon broke the spell which bound her.

"Sam!" she cried. "Be careful. The knife—"

Like a tiger the bulky form leapt and struck, and it seemed to Grace, striving to pierce the darkness, that the blow must have gone home, but a sudden light, springing up in the background, showed the knife poised between them, and the slim silhouette that was Hill, appeared to be gripping the other's wrist.

For a moment the only sounds were their grasping grunts as they swayed back and forth. Then from the Russian's lips broke a low moaning cry which swelled suddenly to an agonised shriek. The knife tinkled on the ground.

"Sam, don't! Oh, don't!" breathed the girl.

The terrible grip must have relaxed, for the Russian wrenched himself free, and went crashing through the bushes. As Grace struggled to her feet she heard the roar of a starting car, but her attention was distracted by the state of her knees which seemed to have lost the power to uphold her. She staggered and would have fallen if Hill had not caught her in his arms.

"Grace," he cried, in alarm. "Are you hurt? Did that devil hurt you?"

She shook her head, with her face tight pressed against his coat, and strove to conquer the violent trembling of her limbs. Her trembling seemed to have communicated itself to him. Instinctively, she raised her face and, as though moved by a common impulse, his lips were lowered to hers.

Suddenly he withdrew his arms.

"No, no!" he cried hoarsely. "When you hear how I came here—Good God!"

At the sudden exclamation Grace looked up, and saw Hill's face illumined by a dull red glow.

Lane's voice rang out in a startled cry from the direction of the bunkhouse. "Turn out! Turn out! The stack's afire!"

Hill darted swiftly away, and she heard his voice above the clamor in the stack-yard. "Never mind water, for a minute! Haul the big tarpaulin off the haystack!"

The clamor ceased immediately, as the men caught the idea. When Grace reached the stackyard, she found one side of a sheaf-stack ablaze. Fortunately the sheaves had been stacked green for feed, and the flames caught hold but slowly. Two ladders had been placed against the opposite side, and Hill and Lane mounted, dragging the tarpaulin, while other men buried their heads in the slack and climbed behind them to ease them of its weight.

Grace caught her breath as the two balanced precariously in the dense smoke which crowned the peak of the stack. "Now!" cried Hill, as the slack piled up at their feet. "Hold tight to the edge and jump!"

"Into that hell!" gasped Lane.

"Over it," said Hill. "Come on. One, two, three, jump!"

Together they leapt, as far out as they could. Hill caught the bulge of the stack a glancing blow, scattering a cloud of blazing fragments, as he drew the tarpaulin behind him like an extinguisher. Lane, lacking his weight, hung suspended for a moment with the flames licking his hands, until Hill leaped up and seized his ankles. They landed in a heap, drawing the tarpaulin with them.

"That's got her!" cried Lane, triumphantly. "That'll keep her smothered while we pour in water from the top!" He seized a pail, but dropped it immediately, with a yell.

"Your poor hands!" cried Grace. "Let me look at them!"

Lane offered a palm covered with swelling blisters.

Hill uttered an exclamation. "Take him to the house and fix him up, Grace. We can handle this, now, easily!"

"Quite taken over command, hasn't he?" remarked Lane, accompanying the girl. "You'd think he had been foreman of a wheat-ranch all his life."

"Let's hurry and get something cooling on those blisters. Grace suggested. "The pain is making you irritable."

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"Pretty smooth!" Lane remarked from the depths of an armchair, the following day, where he nursed his

Continued on Page 23



# A MUMMIFIED CITY

*Marvels of an ancient civilization preserved for the study of twentieth-century people*

By WATSON KIRKCONNEL,  
*Professor at Wesley College*

**T**HE mummies of Egypt have for most people a grim fascination, as withered links with a remote, mysterious past. The art of the embalmer preserves for us, desiccated but lifelike, the very features of the ancient race.

The material civilization of the past, however, has seldom been preserved with the same fidelity. Erosion and vandalism have worked their devastating wills upon the temples and palaces of old. And while some desert spots have, by their remoteness and aridity, kept for us a Karnak or a Timgad, the areas of continued occupation have saved us only a few mouldy fragments of a Memphis, a Corinth, or even an Imperial Rome.

Gratefulness fills the student of the past, therefore, for the volcanic upheaval which in 79 A.D. mummified for us one of the most flourishing of the smaller cities of southern Italy, the

Mount Vesuvius, it led a varied existence until about 80 B.C., when it was taken over in part by some of Pompey's troops and named Pompeii. The little city had a charming location: before it lay the bluest gulf in the world, and behind it rose the towering garden-strewn slopes of the still quiescent volcano. It was small wonder that many Roman nobles chose it as a pleasure resort and built here villas to which they could retire from the heat and burden of the capital. Cicero was only one among many who maintained what our generation might call a luxurious "summer cottage" at Pompeii.

Then in 63 A.D. came a preliminary catastrophe; a violent earthquake laid most of the city in ruins. But the inhabitants were not daunted. As the volcano had never been active within historical times, they saw no reason to regard the earthquake as a serious threat, and proceeded heroically to rebuild the city on new and scientific lines. The paved streets were laid out with geometrical straightness; most of the houses were provided with peristyled

a number of fugitives returned to strip away anything of value that projected above the deep sea of ashes. Then the city was left to oblivion, and during the Dark Ages its very name was lost.

After seventeen centuries, the rediscovery of the site, coupled with the gradual emergence of Europe into intelligence again, led to excavations which have been steadily growing in extent and in refinement of method. Today the work at Pompeii is the major undertaking of modern archaeology. Half the city is still to be explored, and every year brings its record of artistic treasures.

The present writer visited Pompeii in 1921, and found the work being carried on with quiet diligence. Moulds are taken of almost everything—bodies, furniture, domestic objects. All the material of each house is carefully sifted, marked, and rebuilt on the spot, so that we now have the original buildings standing intact on their original sites. Nor are these houses left bare, for all the original marble statues and other decorations are put in place, and flowers are planted again in the garden-plots of long ago.

In actual area, Pompeii was a small town. Its maximum length was scarcely a mile and its greatest width only half that. Within the 300 acres contained by the city walls, was crowded a population twice as great as that of Brandon.

Judged by modern standards, its streets were very narrow; but they served admirably the purposes of their day. All were paved with great polygonal slabs of grey lava, and bordered with paved sidewalks. The widths of the streets rarely exceeded 25 feet, including the sidewalks, and often were only 12 feet in width. In the soft rock of the paving-stones, the wheels of carts wore deep ruts, four and a half feet apart, which still show plainly today. Speed was inconceivable along these jolting rock-ruts, but in a city of such modest dimensions everyone would walk and vehicular traffic would be confined largely to delivery carts.

That the streets were often full of mud and slime seems indicated by sets of large stepping-stones laid across the

street at intervals, especially at street corners. Ample room for cart wheels was left between the stones in each instance.

## For the Consideration of Electors

In passing along the streets, one often finds notices painted on the house-walls in large red letters. These are seldom news bulletins in the modern sense, but rather election appeals to vote for one man or another for the ancient equivalent of mayor or alderman. Superstitious fear of the evil eye, still dominant among South Italians today, also prompted the crude painting of a snake or a phallus to ward off black magic. The mentality and performances of the public scribbler seem to be about the same in all ages.

The little city puts our modern towns to shame in its abundance of drinking-fountains, both public and private. With us, one or two horse-troughs erected by some humanitarian society, may be the sole examples in an urban centre. The Pompeian street corners were regularly supplied with large stone troughs into which water gushed from some gargoyle head of animal or divinity. On many such troughs there still remain the depressions where a hundred thousand hands have slowly worn away the edges, as the passers-by stooped to drink. Most of the private drinking fountains were much more elaborate, decorated in the most intricate style with mosaic work in many colors. (See Fig. II.)

The houses in Pompeii were nearly all brick, veneered on the outside with marble or stucco. The inner walls, again, were usually finished with a finely glazed stucco surface, adapted in a score of ways to ornamental purposes. Our modern use of wall-paper, borrowed from the Chinese, is primitive and unsanitary compared with the brilliantly finished walls of the Roman house. Mural paintings of a thousand types, varying from simple patterns to large scale masterpieces of art in a strikingly realistic and effective style, represent a variety and height of achievement that ought to give us pause.

## Interior of Houses

On entering a house, the first main room, known as the atrium, was an imposing hall, floored with mosaic and lighted by a large open skylight, through which, in wet weather, the rain fell into a central basin of marble, some two feet in depth, known as the impluvium. The atrium was the reception-room of the house. Smaller rooms, chiefly dining-rooms, opened from it to right and left. Beyond the atrium, straight opposite the entrance, came an interior garden-court, called the peristylum. (See Fig. IV.) Here, in the more purely domestic and private quarter of the home, flowers bloomed and fountains played and the family moved about in the shade of the colonnaded courtyard. Rooms opening off this peristylum on all

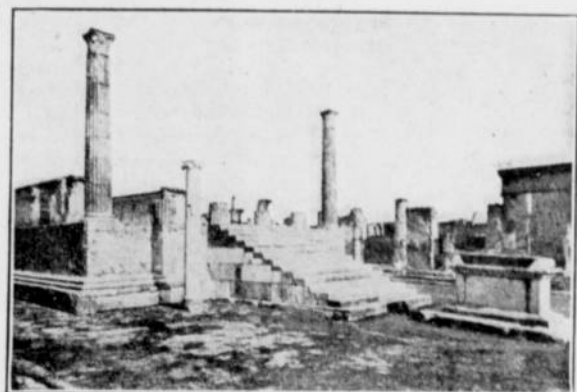


Fig. I.—Temple of Apollo at Pompeii

city of Pompeii. Rediscovered in 1748, and today still in process of exhumation, this site supplies us with unparalleled information concerning Roman life in the first century. Ostia, Herculaneum, and Timgad have made minor contributions, but Pompeii has been the major source of the revelations which have enabled scholars during the past 50 years to build up an amazingly exact reconstruction of life under the Caesars. Through it, men have come to realize that the material achievements of the present age are not overwhelmingly in advance of those nineteen centuries ago. Pompeii helps us to see civilization in a truer perspective.

At the time of its catastrophic fate, Pompeii was a flourishing provincial city with about 25,000 inhabitants. Established in the fourth century B.C. on the Gulf of Naples, just south of

gardens; plumbing served public fountains, baths, and private houses; theatres and temples were restored with great magnificence. But the art and architecture which now embellished the city were those of the current Imperial style, replacing almost entirely the Greek characteristics, which had marked the old town.

## A Blizzard of Ashes

On August 24, A.D. 79, this new Pompeii met its doom. With appalling suddenness and fury, the pent-up hell of Vesuvius broke loose and blew the whole mountain-top skywards. Popular imagination often pictures the city as overwhelmed in a flood of lava; but fortunately for us that was not the case, for molten rock would have destroyed everything. Instead there fell upon the city a blizzard of volcanic ashes, so thick that it buried the buildings and so fine that it penetrated into the closed rooms and cellars where human beings lay huddled in terror. For two days the deadly dust fell, blinding, suffocating, obliterating. In time



Fig. II.—Pompeian Drinking Fountain



Fig. III.—The Amphitheatre at Pompeii

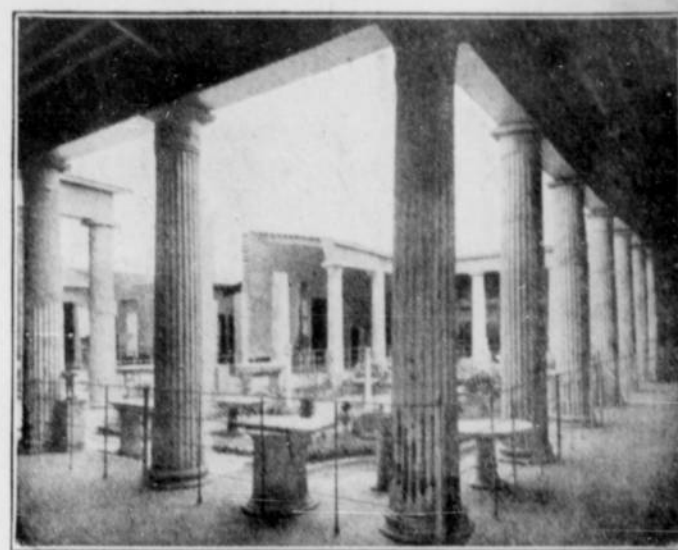


Fig. IV.—Peristylum in Pompeian House





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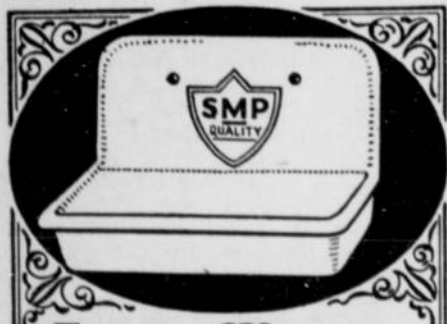
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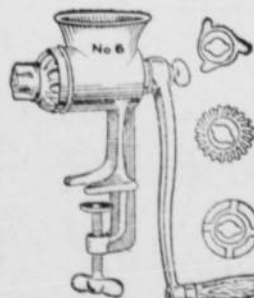
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Read the Classified Columns

## AN EXCHANGE OF PET IDEAS

Old friends spend a profitable day together

By MARION HUGHES

"WHAT a splendid idea for keeping recipes!" exclaimed my friend, Vera Denton, as she examined my home-made recipe file. "Where on earth did you pick up that wrinkle?" By arrangement Vera promised to spend the day with me, while her husband and mine went up north to the council meeting held in the village 10 miles away. We used to see quite a lot of each other before we married, but recently the cares of families prevented much visiting.

"Why that's a thing I have had for years and simply couldn't do without," I explained. "Before making it I used to waste a lot of time and patience wading through a pile of cook books looking for pet recipes. One summer my old pal, Marjorie Dale, who had been to business college, spent her holidays with us, and she, orderly soul, watched me digging up recipes. She suggested that I use the card index system so common in offices and helped me to make a file out of an old correspondence card box."

### Headings on Guide Cards

"Why I think that is a grand idea," declared Vera. "I see you have guide cards with beverages, breads, cakes, candies, cookies, etc., so you can put your finger on a recipe in a moment. I'm just like you were—I have to hunt through stacks of recipes in books and on slips of paper, and it often is trying to the temper. Just wait till I get home and make one of these myself!"

"One of the members of our local uses an old note-paper box and likes it very much," I continued. "If you take a look at the shelf above the table you'll see that I still keep a pile of cook-books on hand, for I love trying new things. However, nothing ever goes on file until it has been thoroughly approved of by the family, so you see those recipes are worth a lot to me."

This reminded Vera of one of her pet stunts. "Do you know I have a perfect mania for collecting booklets advertised in women's magazines. Of course I cannot make use of all the suggestions but many a time I get dandy ideas from them, and I do so love the way they illustrate them. Nearly all the big food manufacturers employ home economics experts who test recipes and evolve all sorts of novel ways of using the products. Many a time these pamphlets have given me an inspiration for introducing variety into my weekly menus."

That appealed to me immensely, so I decided to follow Vera's example. She of course is always privileged to sit in the kitchen and chat while I am getting the necessary work done. As I was baking she was greatly taken with one of my best time-savers. "Marion, what sort of knife are you using for lifting the cookies out of the pan?" she enquired. "Why, that's my best friend, spatula by name," I replied, displaying with pride the flexibility and blunt edges of the tool. "It's the grandest thing for scraping baking boards, lifting cookies on and off the pan and for loosening muffins or cakes that refuse to part company with the pan. This chocolate cake needs icing, but I'd hesitate to bother with it if I did not have my spatula."

### Spatula for Icing

While the frosting was being made we chatted away about old times at normal and finally came back again to the spatula. When icing the cake I wielded it to good advantage and used it to scrape out the bowl. Vera was amazed at how the flexible blade removed every last trace of frosting.

Suddenly she said, "Marion, I notice that you never look at the cookies in the oven but each batch is always baked just right—how do you do it?"

"Oh, that's easy," I replied. "First of all I know my range like a book and then I use an oven thermometer mother gave me for Christmas. I regulate the fire, bring the oven up to the right temperature, put in the pans, keep the door shut until it's

time to take them out. I use the thermometer for bread, cakes, pies, meats and everything else that goes in the oven and it saves me so much worry. If I'm working upstairs I fix the fire and set the alarm clock for the time the baking needs attention and thus nothing ever burns. I would not be without my oven thermometer for anything."

Vera was greatly taken with this labor-saver and determined to get one as soon as she could spare the necessary money. Later on as she watched me drain the macaroni for supper in a sieve, she queried "Why don't you use a colander for that?—its larger and far easier to clean." "Why I never owned such a thing," I admitted. "What else do you use it for?"

"Oh, heaps of things—for instance it's great for draining rice, beans, cabbage, carrots and all other vegetables and saves strength, time and scalded fingers as well. When washing lettuce I allow the leaves to drip in the colander while preparing the other ingredients for the salad. Sometimes I use it in place of a steamer when the real one is on the stove. My colander slips inside a large aluminum pan and when covered with a lid is excellent for reheating beans and other vegetables."

The colander idea appealed to me immensely, so I made a mental note of its advantages and planned to get one with the next butter money.

### Aluminum Secrets

"Speaking of aluminum, how do you keep yours in such good condition?" asked Vera.

"Well, I never remove the stove lids when cooking. It is often a temptation to hurry up things in this way, but if I start in time there is no need for it. For keeping the aluminum shining I use steel wool and a little soap and find it very little trouble."

"But I always have found steel wool hard on the hands—how do you manage?"

"I had the same experience too, until discovering that an old glove protects the fingers. Holding the steel wool over a cork is a help and saves wear and tear on the hands. Oh, say, have you ever used it for removing stains on glass baking dishes and fireproof ware? It's great for that and does not scratch the surface provided you use 0 or 00. I have also found it splendid for taking grease spots off linoleum. One day when I was doing over the buffet in the dining-room I couldn't get into the corners in the carved parts. It dawned on me that steel wool would do the trick better than sandpaper and so it did. With the aid of a wooden skewer and the wool every bit of the softened varnish came off."

"Wherever do you get time for such things as doing over furniture?" queried Vera. "It keeps me busy doing the regular work without attempting any extras in the line of re-finishing our various belongings."

"To tell you the truth" I explained, "I never did either, until one day I altered my weekly schedule of work so that room was left for occasional jobs. I made a list of things needing attention, and ticked each one off as it was done. The day previous I cook enough in advance so that no time is wasted in preparing meals. Then on an afternoon or even a whole day I attack the special work, and find that the scheme is excellent."

"It sounds good to me anyway," said Vera. "We have been discussing work schedules at our farm women's club, and you'd hardly believe that there are still some members who think it's too much bother. I have used one ever since I was married, altering it to suit my needs and wouldn't be without it."

We continued exchanging wrinkles until the children arrived home from school. After that it seemed no time until our "better halves" drove up at the door. When supper was over, Vera and I reluctantly parted after spending a most profitable day together.



# The Brain Growers' Guide

Winnipeg, Wednesday, September 2, 1925

## Those War Debts

Arrangements have been made for the funding of the debt of Belgium to the United States. The total debt is given in the newspaper reports of the settlement as \$627,830,000, a figure which is considerably in excess of unofficial estimates of the debt. Of this sum \$171,780,000 was borrowed before the armistice, and interest on it to date has been waived. Repayments on this portion of the debt will be made at the rate of \$1,000,000 to \$2,750,000 a year during the first six years, after which the payment will be \$2,900,000 yearly.

The post-war debt is given as \$556,050,000, of which only \$246,000,000 is given as principal. The principal apparently includes a sum of approximately \$30,000,000 for surplus war materials, on which Belgium has paid interest regularly. The accrued interest is given as \$310,050,500, or over \$64,000,000 more than the principal, which is incredible. Belgium's total debt to the United States has hitherto been given as approximately \$480,500,000, including accrued interest; apparently critical auditing has discovered omissions in these estimates, or the press reports are out about \$150,000,000.

On this post-armistice debt Belgium, at the outset, will pay \$2,840,000 a year, with increases each year to \$6,650,000 in the tenth year, after which the payments will be \$9,800,000 a year. In the first ten years the total annual payments will thus run from \$3,800,000 to \$9,400,000, after which they will be \$12,700,000.

In this connection it is interesting to note that taxation in Belgium has risen from 1,460 billions of francs in 1921 to 3,640 billions in this year's estimates. The country has spent over 20 billions of francs on reparations, and on the basis of her own currency her public debt is over 43 billions of francs. The Belgian debt to Great Britain and France has been cancelled as against Belgium, and is included in the reparations to be paid by Germany.

An agreement was also reached last week on the funding of the French debt to Great Britain. The total of this debt is approximately \$3,008,000,000, of which \$2,166,000,000 represents principal, and the remainder accrued interest. Repayment, it is reported, is to be made in 62 annual payments of approximately \$62,500,000 each; a settlement which, it is claimed, leaves the British people paying a heavier interest on the French debt than the French themselves. France's debt to the United States, including accrued interest, is over \$4,000,000,000, and the French seem to be hoping that it will be funded on a somewhat similar basis to that of the debt to Britain. Italy owes Great Britain in the neighborhood of \$2,600,000,000, and the United States over \$2,000,000,000, and she will be the next to arrange repayment.

These debts represent a tremendous drain upon the economic resources of the respective countries, and it is an open question whether or not they can be paid even on the easiest of terms. The debtors are making a show of repaying in response to pressure. It would have been much better for the whole world if there had been cancellation all round. However, 60 years is a long time, and a lot can happen in that period. If the nations can manage to keep out of war and get together in an international agreement to keep the peace by the outlawry of war, it is even possible that in time they will come to an understanding for a better ad-

justment of the economic effects of the last war.

## Corporal Punishment

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Bar Association, in Winnipeg, last week, the following resolution was adopted by a small majority after what the press reports described as a warm discussion:

That for motor car thieves and young and first offenders, the law be amended to permit of the imposition of a short term of imprisonment, and also corporal punishment with a strap.

It is perhaps natural that judges, reviewing the cases of car stealing and the number of young and first offenders, should become somewhat impatient with the humanitarian reforms that have been adopted in the penal systems of most countries, and to look for short cuts to the prevention of offences against the law. At the same time it is astonishing to find men, who have, presumably, given some study to criminology, expressing the opinion that humiliating or degrading punishment is an effective deterrent of crime. All history and all experience have demonstrated that degrading punishment does not prevent crime, and that it positively defeats the ends of a good penology, which is the saving of the offender, if it be at all possible, for a better life. Moreover, the imposition of such punishment has a bad effect upon those commissioned to carry it out; it tends to harden the individuals in whose care offenders are placed, and to brutalize the discipline of prisons.

It is not so long ago that penal codes bristled with offences for which the penalty was death. Three hundred years ago, as one historian puts it, "there was but one step to the gallows from the lash and the branding iron." Petty thieves went to the gallows by their thousands every year. It is little more than a century ago that Sir Samuel Romilly, himself a learned and humanitarian judge, could say that the laws of England were written in blood. Whipping was a common punishment in those days, and it was brought to this side of the water and made equally common. These punishments did not stop crime, and when men began to learn something about what we call human nature and mental pathology, something of the causes of the impulses behind human action, the effect of inheritance and the influence of environment, they also began to see why such punishments could not have good results, and what should be done both for the good of the criminal and the society of which he was a part.

We are not saying that it is not possible to go to the other extreme. The coddling of the criminal is every bit as bad as the ferocious punishing of him. There must be firm disciplinary treatment, but there is a difference between firmness and harshness, between seeking to retrieve a soul and assisting in its further degradation. It is not revenge that society wants upon the evil-doer; the more closely punishment gets to revenge the less useful it is to society. First offenders, in particular, as a general proposition, need to have all the circumstances leading to their offence taken into consideration, and to receive a treatment that is calculated to strengthen their will and their sense of responsibility. Whipping may inspire fear, but it will neither restore manhood nor stimulate respect. The way to prevent crime is to prevent as far as humanly possible the making of criminals,

and this cannot be accomplished by humiliating and degrading punishments.

## Credit for Agriculture

Having practically wiped out her internal war debt, Germany, with characteristic thoroughness, is preparing to get her productive resources into shape for discharging her external debt, that is, her reparations debt. Her new tariff is designed to keep out everything but what is necessary to supply her economic needs, and while she puts a prohibitory duty on agricultural products she seeks to stimulate her own agricultural production by a system of agricultural credits.

A new central credit bank for agriculture has been established with a capital of approximately \$45,000,000. From the net proceeds of loans there will be added to this capital each year for seven years the sum of \$6,250,000. The authorized capital of the bank is \$125,000,000, and with the consent of the Imperial Council, which is composed of representatives of the states, it may lend up to six times its capitalization. The bank will not be allowed to acquire domestic credits nor to accept deposits; thus it will not draw upon sources that would otherwise be available for other industries. It will not lend direct to the farmers; it will lend through local agricultural credit associations, and those voluntary co-operative credit associations which have existed in Germany for a great many years. The institution will be free of all federal state and local taxes that are not at present imposed on agricultural credit institutions.

It is apparent that Germany is not going to import agricultural products if by the provision of ample credits she can stimulate her own production. It is also apparent that the German government clearly realizes that the utilization of the national credit is the most effective way of stimulating agricultural production, and perhaps the only way to get money to the farmers at reasonable rates of interest. If other nations in Europe follow the example of Germany, and if the demand of the farmers in Great Britain for a special subsidy in aid of agriculture is successful, it will take more than Mr. Robb's proposed \$10,000,000 for long-term farm loans to enable the Canadian farmers to compete successfully with their European rivals. The outstanding feature of European conditions is the attention that is now being given to economic action; the centre of interest has shifted from the political to the economic field, and Canada will have to take cognizance of this fact if she is not to lose her European markets for agricultural products.

## War Guilt

Last year 120 Germans, eminent in all walks of life, issued a manifesto entitled, "An Appeal to British Fair Play." The manifesto was a protest against article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, by which Germany, with her allies, accepts full responsibility for the war and the loss and damage sustained by the "allied and associated governments, and their nationals." The manifesto based protest against this article on certain historical evidence taken in the main from the works of British historians. That some responsibility rested upon Germany was not denied; that the whole of the responsibility rested upon Germany was denied, and the manifesto went over the history of Europe from 1870 to show that



sole blame for the war could not be laid at the door of the German people. The case made out in the manifesto was pretty well conceded in British comment, and the manifesto undoubtedly helped to increase the opinion that clause 231 should be eliminated from the treaty.

Now another manifesto has been issued, this time by Frenchmen eminent in all walks of life, and they also demand the abrogation of article 231, together with articles 227 to 230, which demand the punishment of Germans in connection with the war. In France there has been a vast amount of research into the causes of the war, and these men make it plain that their manifesto is not to be taken as evidence of French weakness, nor do they give Germany a clean bill on the origin of the war. They find the causes of the war in a bad European system, and they demand the repeal of the sections of the treaty imposing sole guilt upon Germany as "an evidence of French uprightness, a step toward human solidarity." And they add, "The Germany of Goethe will understand," a very fine touch of the spirit by which alone Europe will find peace.

This manifesto illustrates admirably the emergence of the idea of right out of the welter of bitter feelings engendered by the war. There is too much evidence today that the origin of the war is not to be found in the action of any single state or in any isolated event for men who uphold the right to concur in a fiction of expediency, which today is harmful to the cause of peace. It is time the archives of all the nations were opened that the world might know the truth and nothing but the truth on the causes of the war.

### The Banks and The West

Announcement was made a few days ago of the appointment of Mr. Jackson Dodds as assistant general manager of the Bank

of Montreal, with special jurisdiction in the West and headquarters at Winnipeg. The Dominion Bank has a similar official in Winnipeg, and after September 1, when the amalgamation of the Royal and Union banks becomes effective, the Royal Bank will also have a western manager.

Appointments of this kind fill a real need in western banking. There has always been a feeling in the West that banking service was too much in the control of eastern headquarters, which did not adequately understand western conditions. There has also been another cause of complaint, namely, that the order of promotion in the banks took away from Western Canada men who did understand conditions. It nearly happened that way with Mr. Dodds; after some years of service in the West he was to be moved to New York. However, that appointment was cancelled, the new position of assistant general manager for the western division created, and the West receives a somewhat belated recognition, and retains the services of a capable banker, who knows the West and its particular problems.

With the creation of room at the top, the banks will be able to avoid in the future this complaint, and if they place men with the like experience and personality of Mr. Dodds in charge of their western business, it will be good both for the banks and the country.

### Editorial Notes

Premier King is getting agitated. His opponents have been saying that his tariff policy is leading straight to the annexation of Canada by the United States. In a recent speech at Kitchener, Ont., he vehemently replied that he would oppose annexation with all the power at his command. It would appear that we are in for another flag-flapping campaign and another dose of "No truck or trade with the Yankees." Is

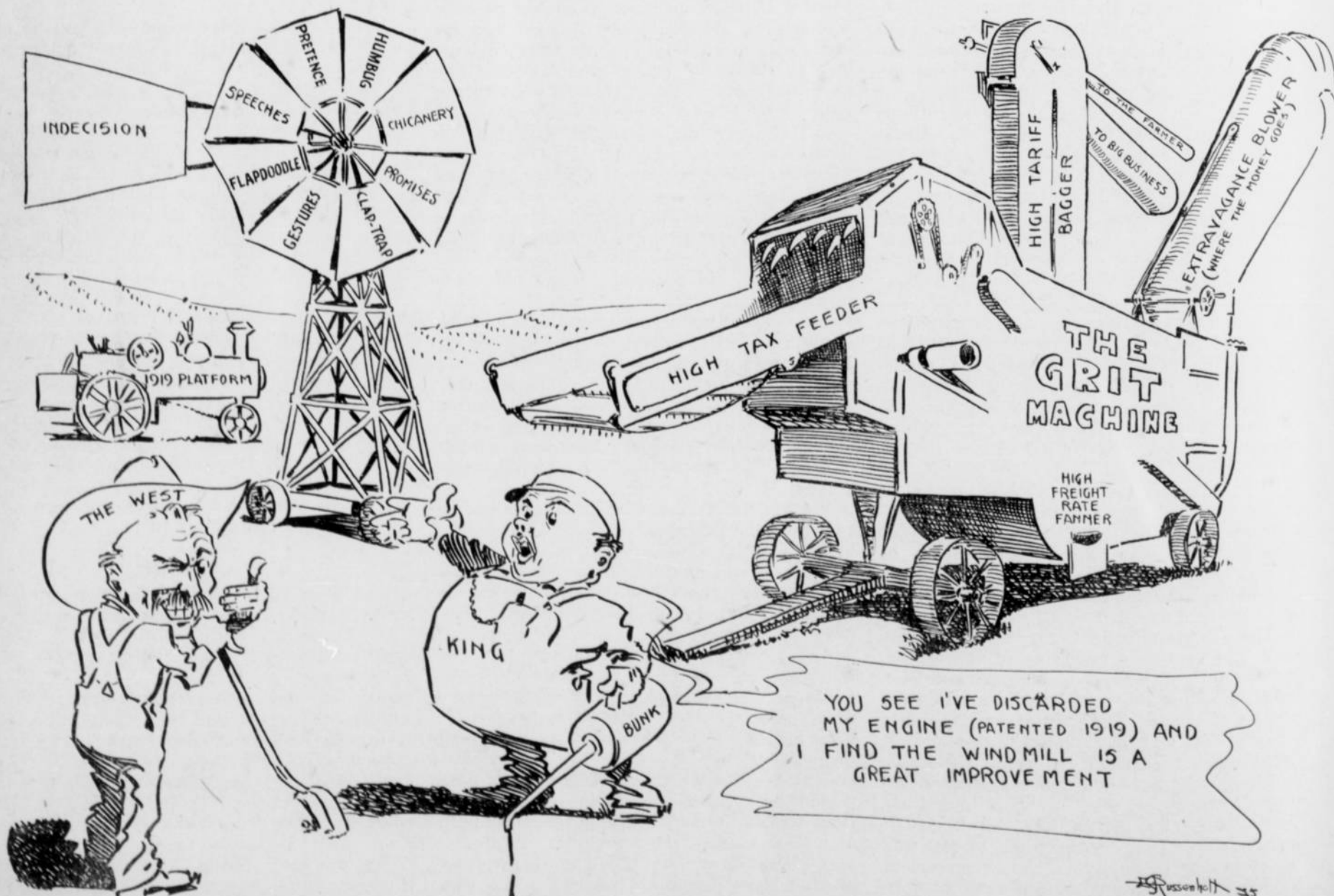
it possible the Canadian electorate can be deceived in that way again?

The German government has imposed high import duties on a large number of agricultural and industrial products from Poland, and has prohibited the import from Poland of a number of mineral products. On May 1, Spain and Belgium concluded a reciprocity agreement; Spain has just backed out of it. Little affairs like these make one wonder if the politicians of Europe are ever going to learn how to promote peace and goodwill.

Lord Atholstan says there is no truth in the report that he has sold the Montreal Star to Lord Beaverbrook, otherwise known in Canada as Max Aitken, of cement merger fame. We believe Lord Atholstan. He is too patriotic to sell; he knows this country would go to wreck and ruin if he didn't keep it straight through the editorial columns of his precious Star.

The Conservative press is adding to Premier King's worries by telling him that no Canadian government which has lived its full term of five years has ever been sustained at the polls.

Hon. Pierre Joseph Cardin, minister of marine and fisheries, says that the trouble with the Canadian manufacturing industry is that it wants too much profit out of which to pay too big salaries and too big dividends. It looks as if there isn't going to be an election this fall after all. Mr. Cardin would surely never risk votes for his party in Ontario in that reckless fashion if an election were close at hand. On the other hand, it might be, of course, that he felt he simply had to get that off his chest to offset the charges that his party was making for annexation to the United States because it insisted upon keeping diamonds on the free list.



Overhauling the old machine



## SOME CAR EXPERIENCES

Which teach the woman driver to be prepared for emergencies

By MIRIAM GREEN ELLIS

**W**HEN someone ambles up to you and says: "You have been driving a car for a long time; you must have had lots of experiences; what is the best way to be prepared for emergencies?"

Naturally you feel like replying, "Foolish question one million and one. If one knew there were going to be an emergency and were prepared for it, it would not be an emergency."

I find that people are far more interested in their own experiences than in yours. One bit of equipment one should always carry in case of emergencies, is not sold with the car. It is often inherited, sometimes acquired—a little common sense, much common sense is better still.

In the first place of course, you learn to drive a car, drive it so well, that you automatically do the right thing. I have seen women under great emotional and mental strain, make as good apple pies as though all their attention were on the work in hand. They had done the thing so often consciously, that the sub-conscious mind carried on, when the conscious mind did not. So with driving a car.

One late afternoon, I was driving a couple women down through the busy part of a city. I was carefully manipulating the traffic, when suddenly there was a screech from the back seat. My mind flew to bandits, epilepsy, heart attacks, everything, but at the same instant I was edging the car into the curb and bringing it to a stop without accident. That action came automatically.

Then I looked round, trying to steel myself for whatever emergency, I must meet. A face was much flushed, two rather fat arms were flying around, two silk stockings legs were unnecessarily exposed.

"What is it?" I demanded breathlessly.

"Oh, one of those awful caterpillars," came the reply.

The correct thing to say to a person who does a thing like that, may be found in the dictionary, if you piece the words together right.

### The Matter of Punctures

I would not call a flat tire an emergency, especially in this day and age when changing tires means just taking out a few big bolts, and slipping on another wheel or rim with the tire blown up already. In the old days when changing tires meant taking off three or four rusted rims and then pumping the tire up by hand, it was not only an emergency but a tragedy.

I always try to have a complete tool kit in my car. I have helped women to change a tire when I had to get both jack and tire wrench out of my own car. Once there were three jacks in the car, but not one of them was in working order. One needs to watch that the spare tire is carrying its full supply of air. Your feelings go flatter than the punctured tire, if, after getting off one tire, you find that the spare is not ready for action either. The spare may be

non-essential for the moment or the month, but one never knows just what instant it may become essential.

It is indeed an unlucky day if you get another puncture before the first is mended. In that case, it means prying the tire off the rim, taking out the "innards," and putting on the patch. If possible, however, I like to get a specialist to do the patching. If not vulcanized on, a patch will sometimes blow out, especially on a hot day.

Speaking of tire trouble, a bit of handy equipment to have in the car and one that does not take up much room, is an extra valve. Often a soft tire is the result of a leaky valve, rather than a puncture. It is worth while testing the valve anyway before going to the trouble of taking off the tire.

"How do I test a valve?"

Well the most approved manner is to spit on the end of the third finger and smear this over the top of the valve. If air bubbles show, the valve is leaking. If not look for a nail.

### When Trouble Begins

If the water boils in the radiator, it is probable that there is a lack of either oil or water. If not that, then either the oil or the water is not circulating, but the remedy there is a bit more complicated.

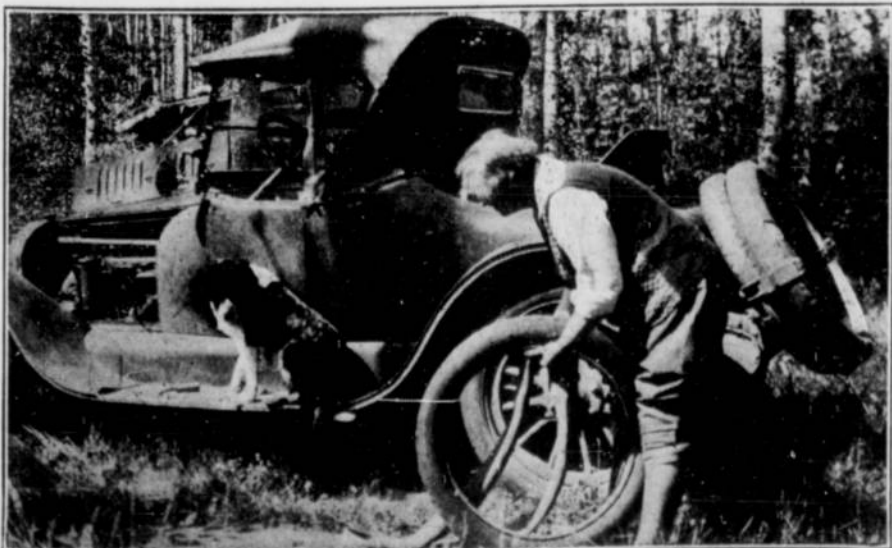
With the old cars, there used to be plenty of difficulty with dirty spark plugs. Your engine started to syncope, and there was no "pep" to it. You dug out your spark plug wrenches and started to clean up these rather sensitive little machines. But with modern cars properly kept up, there is little trouble from spark plugs.

It is the foolish things that affect your temper worst. One night I encountered another kind of an emergency. I had a new car and naturally expected everything to be in perfect working order. Worse than that I had been boasting about the virtues of my particular make over those of the friends I happened to be driving. We all got in the car, closed the doors, everybody was settled. I turned the key on to the ignition, put my foot firmly on the starter. Nothing happened any more than as though I had put my heel on any other part of the floor. I tried again, nothing happened. Then I got everyone out and looked for the crank. My pride was hurt, hurt badly. I got grease all over myself trying to adjust the unfamiliar crank. But it

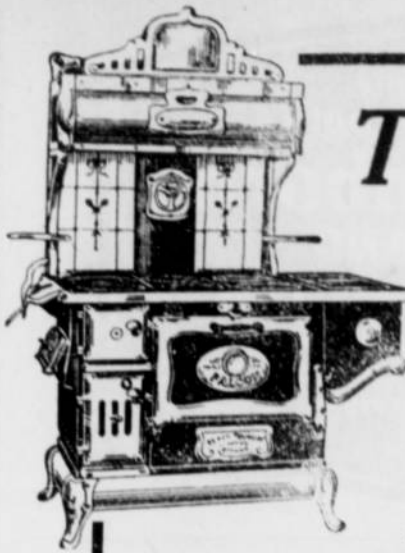
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### Our Cover

The figures on our cover repose throughout all seasons of the year on the roof of the Manitoba Legislative Building, in company with three other groups representing Art, Science and Labor. The entire quartette was modeled by Birnie Rhind, R.S.A., of Edinburgh. Our cover portrays the agricultural family engaged in its various activities of field, garden and home, under the direction of the farmer and his wife.



A time when the author of this article found it necessary to be able to do her own repair work



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22

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

*How the members of one household divided responsibility and work*

By ANNA STEVENS

LAST week I was visiting Mrs. Alfred Simmons, who has four daughters, and as it was still the summer holidays they all were home from school. Margaret is now seventeen, Alison is fifteen, Jessie is thirteen, while Fanny is eleven. There are two little boys as well, Howard and John.

As the afternoon advanced, Margaret and Jessie disappeared, and I soon heard sounds indicating that supper was in progress. Mrs. Simmons sat on, chatting with me, quite unconcernedly, till the men came in from work, and we were all called to the table.

"It's nice to have big daughters do things like this," I remarked, as I sat down to that bountiful supper.

Mr. Simmons laughed. "Ma worked out a scheme of things some years ago that has saved her a lot of worry."

"Well, dad, but we like it," interrupted Alison, a light shining in her dark eyes.

"Sure you like it. Every one likes to boss things," he answered, as he began to carve the fowl.

"What's the idea?" I asked. "I don't care for bossing people and my girls don't like being bossed either."

"It started when we had no crops," Margaret began.

"And of course, mother didn't have any help then, because we just couldn't afford it," interrupted Jessie.

"And ma never could boss anybody." This from the father, with a mischievous smile at his wife.

"Well, I didn't want to. It worried me."

"I guess you had better all listen while mother tells Mrs. Stevens how we did get started."

"Oh! It wasn't anything wonderful, Mrs. Stevens. It was in 1918, when Margaret was ten, and all the rest younger. Howard was only a wee baby, and I wasn't overly strong. I just couldn't get all the work done. One day when I was dreadfully tired and discouraged, the idea came to me, that it wasn't my house, we all used it, and we should all share in the work of it, so a kind of community idea came to me. I called all the children and explained that I didn't own the house or the meals or the furniture. Everything belonged to all of us, and since the entire family enjoyed it all, it was owned by each one just as much as by me. Then I went on to say that after this I wasn't going to boss or command, or tell any one of them to do a single piece of work. We would all do our share and boss ourselves to do it.

"In order that each might know what would be expected of her, we sat down with pencil and paper and made a list of work that was done each day. The girls worked in pairs, a big one and a little one on each large job, and the names rotated in equal turn so that the same job went to each in turn. If Margaret and Jessie set the table, Alison and Fanny did the dishes. Then the next meal they reversed and Alison and Fanny set the table and Margaret and Jessie did the dishes. Of course I took two jobs to each one of theirs, and when they were so young I did all the cooking. With special things like washing or ironing they all helped a little, but generally it was understood that if they did the work on the list they were free for the day."

"I think that's a splendid point," Mr. Simmons remarked. "Now mother, you eat your supper and I'll 'carry on'. No child likes to have to hang around not knowing when she will be done or free to go."

"And nobody wants to play if she hasn't done her share," this was from Alison.

"And if potatoes and dishes is your job, you do 'em in a hurry and skip off," Jessie smiled at Fanny.

"I don't care, so do you," answered indignant Fanny.

"Well, that's all right," soothed Margaret. "Each does her share and that's enough."

"But how did you manage in emergencies?" I enquired. "I can imagine times when no rules would fit."

"We took turns there too. If one helped with the canning today, another would tomorrow."

"And what happened when school started?"

"We made a list for school days, but we kept on rotating the holiday week-list on the Saturdays and Sundays all fall. On school days they couldn't do much in the mornings. They have three miles to go to school, but they took turns, two watering the horses and hitching while the other two got up the lunch. Of course that came later on. At first only Margaret and Alison went to school."

"But how could you manage with children so young?" I asked.

"Really, now, I don't know, but we did. Their names were always down to do their share," Mrs. Simmons replied.

"I know how she managed"—Margaret smiled fondly at her mother. "She was always handy to help us out when we got tired."

"You mean she did most of the little one's shares?" I asked.

"Well," Mrs. Simmons defended, "Fanny then was only four. I didn't expect much of her, but when she wanted to help, she did all she could, and I finished the job. She was learning to be helpful, and now she is older, does splendidly." Fanny blushed at the compliment.

"It generally meant an hour's work for all of us, working hard, and the routine work of the day was finished. I made out the very first list, and the second week Margaret made out a better one. We used this one all summer, and on Saturdays and Sundays and at Christmas time. The next summer we made a new one. Later on, as they grew older each could do a piece of work alone," she continued. "I found when they got to this stage that they liked to do without the list. All I needed to do was to ask what job each chose to do. The first that said it, got it, unless she had had it the day before. They understood they must rotate always. The school day list was only for night chores. One got the cows, while one fed chickens, one carried in wood, and one emptied ashes. They liked to do the dishes then all together. Two cleared the table, two washed and wiped. It makes quick work to have a definite job and only that to do. It stirs up competition."

"We tried to plan it so that each child would just have two things to do each day. For instance, Jessie on Friday had to wash the breakfast dishes and set the supper table. She was Scot free all the rest of the day."

Also, Margaret on Sunday makes the beds and does the lamps, Alison explained.

"Occasionally we all work together, again mother does it alone. Especially in dishes the children like this way," Margaret added.

Then Mrs. Simmons continued. "Now of course Margaret and Alison are away most of the year at high school, so I wash the supper dishes and Jessie

Continued on Page 15





## SAVE THOSE FEET

Fewer steps and less standing mean greater comfort

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

NOTHING is as miserable as a pair of aching, tender feet that make the possessor feel weary all over and produce a puckered countenance far quicker than old Father Time. In fact a "poor understanding" takes the joy out of life, and makes otherwise pleasant work seem positively irksome. Much of this discomfort has resulted from wearing footgear that cramped the toes and threw the weight of the body forward, causing the arches to become weakened. If you are unfortunate enough to suffer with your feet, do not put off consulting a reliable physician about treatment and the right kind of shoes to wear. Many women find it a real help to change their boots frequently and to put on a pair of fresh stockings daily.

If discomfort still persists your only hope lies in saving as many steps as possible and in sitting down at work instead of standing. It is not the extra step or two that makes weary feet, but is the gradual accumulation of waste energy during the course of a day. Therefore by keeping a close watch you can avoid over-straining your feet.

In reducing the number of steps taken daily let's start with the cleaning. Do you keep the broom, dusters, mops, and other necessary supplies in one place, convenient to several rooms or are some of them in the woodshed, some in the kitchen and others on the way to the cellar? A shallow cupboard can easily be put up in a central location by dad or the boys, for holding the entire equipment needed in cleaning. You'll be surprised how handy this is. To go one better, have another upstairs in a corner of the hall so that you do not have to make a trip downstairs for a missing tool. Don't imagine for one moment that it's extravagant to have a double set of brooms because they last twice as long. On cleaning days you'll find that a basket for holding dusters, housemaids' gloves and furniture polishes saves a good many steps. A built-in wood box is worth installing because it does away with the tracking of dirt that inevitably accompanies the bringing in of fuel. Extra sweeping and mopping mean that you must be on your feet for a few minutes longer.

### Laundry Chute Saves Steps

Another step-saver is a laundry chute. This is just a shaft that goes from the second story to the place where washing is done. All the clothes can be shot down this instead of being carried to the scene of action in two or three trips. When doing laundry work it pays to arrange equipment in an orderly fashion so that feet may be spared. For instance, a table next the chute enables you to sort the clothes and to remove spots quickly, especially if the cupboard holding laundry reagents is within reach. All this can be done when seated on a stool or chair. There are lots of people who insist on standing to iron, but anybody whose feet ache badly enough will learn how to smooth a good many articles while seated. A stool or chair removes much of the dread with which the possessor of tender feet views ironing day.

There are builders and others who advocate a laundry in the cellar, but if your aim and object is to save steps I believe you'll prefer doing the washing on the ground floor, even if the kitchen has to be used. While a basement laundry means less disturbance it also means more steps, since every time the phone rings you have to make a trip upstairs. Washing cannot be done downstairs unless the floor is waterproof, and everyone knows how wearying it is to stand on a cement floor for even an hour or two.

Anybody with balky feet should choose the simplest of patterns for wash dresses and underwear. I know that sounds queer, but in every-day life it works out like this. Gathers, tucks, pleats and fancy trimmings prolong the process of ironing and therefore are to be avoided. Plain garments require much less attention and can be just as pretty as others if nicely made. Anybody who suffers with her feet is

wise to leave tea towels, sheets or even pillow slips unironed if it is going to diminish her discomfort.

Have you ever taken stock of your dishwashing methods? Of course running water saves miles of steps and even if you can't have an entire system why not try one of the schemes advocated by The Guide, for the summer season anyway? A cement tank in the

basement with a hand-pump in the kitchen is a wonderful help and is not unduly expensive because the tank can be constructed by the men of the family. Water piped into the kitchen means less walking back and forth with pails.

Another thing that speeds up dishwashing and saves trips to the table is a push-cart or dinner wagon on which all the dishes can be taken to and from the table in one journey. Directions for making one of these excellent helpers can be found in The Guide Bulletin of Labor-Savers which only costs 10 cents. Before the boys get down to making that pushcart, use a tray for carrying dishes to and fro. When it comes to actual washing and drying of dishes try the high stool again.

### A Built-in Buffet

Ask an owner of a built-in buffet between the kitchen and dining-room how she likes it, and she's sure to enthuse about the number of steps it eliminates. As the dishes are dried they are put straight on the shelves from the kitchen-side, thus doing away with carrying them to the dining-room.

All kinds of steps can be saved in the preparation of meals. Starting with menus, it pays to plan a whole week in advance so that the time spent on your feet is greatly lessened. Quantity cooking of meats, vegetables, desserts and cakes is a good scheme because it reduces bodily wear and tear, and it is no more trouble to prepare two quarts of salad dressing than to make a pint. Whether or not to ice cakes or make cookies is a matter for you to decide. Icing is all right but could hardly be called a necessity, and if it's going to increase fatigue it certainly should be reserved for high days and holy days only. If rolling and cutting cookies consumes too much energy why not hasten matters by substituting drop cakes. Have you ever tried mixing cakes while seated? You'll be surprised how easy it is to do and how much it saves those tired feet. Of course no modern woman ever dreams of standing while preparing vegetables or fruits. Convenient grouping of equipment saves a great many steps.

Regular rest periods are absolutely indispensable for anybody whose weak spot is her feet. A definite schedule allows time for relieving the tension and keeping fresh. A real manager never attempts to do everything herself but enlists the help of every member of the family. Many a trip upstairs or downstairs can be taken by younger feet than yours if you make "helping mother" a game. A play coop for the baby saves much running around after him and keeps him out of mischief too. These are only a few ways of reducing foot-weariness to a minimum—you can think of many others.



## Children Cry for

# Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants and Children all ages.



To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



## It does the work—safely

THERE are just two things you want to know about an antiseptic:

Does it do the work; and

Does it do it safely?

Listerine has been trusted for half a century because people know it does both.

It is the all-round, household antiseptic; ideal for cuts, burns, abrasions, insect bites, ivy poisoning, sore throat—in fact, for any and every purpose a good antiseptic is supposed to serve.

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**Healthful Cleanliness**  
to Woodwork  
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Acts like magic. The soft, fine particles erase the dirt with little labor, leaving the surface fresh, super-clean and hygienic. Goes further—and lasts longer.

## Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb

FOR PLANTING  
IN OCTOBER

*A Great Pie Plant with a Berry Flavor*

Ten years of careful and patient selection by the horticulturists of Macdonald Agricultural College, have produced a rhubarb superior to any ever grown in Canada. Thousands of seedling plants were carefully examined, and selection was made to secure the following qualities:

1. **Early-Bearing and Vigorous Plants**—The stalks of Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb are very large, very crisp and tender all through the season, and never have to be peeled before cooking.

2. **A Deep Red Color and an Attractive Flavor**—The stalks of the Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb are a rich dark red, and when cooked make a dish which appeals to everyone. The flavor reminds one of fresh strawberries.

3. **A Low Acid Content**—Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb requires only about one-half the amount of sugar that is necessary in cooking ordinary rhubarb.

This popular vegetable and pie plant has been transformed so that it might fairly well be admitted into the fruit class. For sauce, pies and canning, there is nothing more valuable in the garden. If well fertilized, six Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb roots, when three years old, will furnish an abundant supply for a large family.

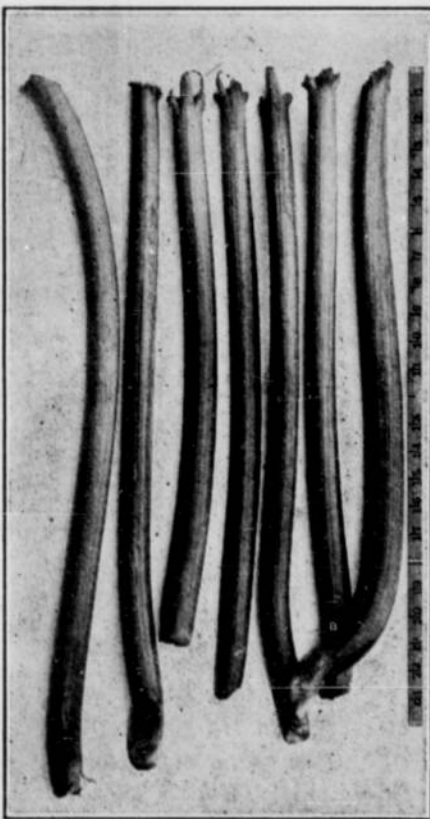
The Guide has been fortunate in securing a number of roots of this remarkable rhubarb direct from Macdonald College. Rhubarb may be planted quite safely and satisfactorily either in the spring or in the fall, but fall planting is considered to be rather better, and it makes an earlier start in the spring if planted in October. See page 4 in last week's Guide for directions on planting.

The Guide has arranged to distribute these one-year-old roots this fall and next spring to readers throughout the prairie provinces. The Guide will send, free and postpaid, a one-year-old root of this famous Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb to any person who will collect one new subscription to The Guide at \$1.00 per year, from any farm home where there is not now a Guide subscriber. One root may be earned for each new subscription secured.

OR, present Guide subscribers may secure a one-year-old root of Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb at our special bargain price by sending \$1.00 to pay for an additional year's subscription, and at the same time remitting an additional 50c. Two roots will be sent for 90c extra. Not more than two roots will be sold to one subscriber. All prices are postpaid. Orders will not be accepted unless accompanied by your own or a neighbor's subscription.

Those who grow Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb in their garden will be delighted with it. Furthermore, any surplus of stalks or root divisions will sell at a profitable price for a good many years to come. Send all subscriptions and remittances on the above terms to

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



Some stalks of Macdonald Crimson Rhubarb, grown from one-year-old roots. The largest is 28 inches long. The seven weighed 5½ pounds.

## Jams from Fall Fruits

*Delicious combinations for winter*

### Peach Jam

4 lbs. peaches      2 lemons  
2 lbs. sugar

Cut peaches in halves, remove stones and divide fruit into small pieces. Add sugar and grated rind of lemons and cook slowly for two hours. Put in lemon juice and pour into sterilized glasses or jars.

### Grape and Apple Jam

4 qts. grape juice      2 qts. chopped  
Sugar      apples  
Cinnamon

Secure the grape juice by simmering whole grapes until tender. Turn into a jelly bag and allow to drip. Peel, core, and chop apples and simmer in grape juice with a stick of cinnamon. For every cup of pulp add three-quarters of a cup of sugar. Cook gently until thick, pour into sterilized glasses or jars and seal.

### Crab Apple Marmalade

4 c. crab apple pulp      4 c. sugar  
2 oranges

Wipe fruit, remove blemishes and blossom end, quarter and place in a preserving kettle. Cook until tender and press through a sieve to remove skins and cores. Add sugar to pulp in the above proportions and cook gently till clear. Half way through add grated rind of oranges and juice. When done pour into hot sterilized glasses or jars.

### Greengage Marmalade

Wash greengages, remove stems and blemishes. Do not take out stones. Put them into a preserving kettle with a very small amount of water and simmer till tender. Then rub through a sieve. For each two cups of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. First cook the pulp by itself for 20 minutes and then put in the sugar. Cook gently till thick.

### New Citron Preserve

Pare citron, remove seeds and cut in cubes or in any other shape. Weigh the fruit. For the syrup take half as much sugar as fruit. Add to this, half as much water as the sugar used. Then for each pound of fruit put in two lemons sliced thinly and a piece of root ginger. Boil for 15 minutes and then add fruit. Cook till it is clear, remove ginger and bottle.

### Grape Jam

6 lbs. grapes      2 oranges  
4 c. sugar      2 lemons  
2 c. chopped raisins

Wash grapes, remove stems and place in a kettle with two cups water. Cook till seeds and skin separate. Press through a coarse strainer and add grated rinds of oranges and lemons, and then the juice from this fruit. Add the raisins and sugar and cook till the whole mixture is thick. Pour into sterilized glasses.

### Carrot Marmalade

5 c. grated carrots      2 lemons  
3 c. sugar      2 oranges

Wash, scrape and grate carrots. Add sugar, grated rind of oranges and lemons and the juice. Leave overnight and in the morning boil gently until thick. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. If desired omit the oranges and add one-third teaspoon cinnamon and the same quantity of cloves and allspice.

### Ripe Tomato Jam

10 lbs. ripe fruit      2 T. whole cloves  
10 c. brown sugar      2 T. stick cinnamon  
5 c. vinegar      6 c. seedless raisins

Select whole ripe tomatoes, plunge them into boiling water for two minutes to loosen the skins. Dip into cold water and peel. Cut up the fruit and add sugar. Tie spices in a cheese-cloth bag and put them into the kettle. Cook slowly for two hours, add chopped raisins and simmer for another hour. Lift out spices and pour jam into hot sterilized glasses.



**6 out of 7**  
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*won by*  
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## EARLY FALL STYLES



No. 2498—Jaunty Style. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 48-inch material, with ¼ yard 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2463—Frock, with Circular Flounce. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material.

No. 2404—Dress with Godets. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch material.

No. 2451—Sports Model. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch material.

No. 1911—Men's and Boys' Shirt. Cut in sizes 12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 18, 18½ and 19 inches neck measure. Size 15½ requires 3½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 2378—Dress for Wee Maids. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 2440—Two-Piece Sports Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch material.

**HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS**—Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper, being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

Our pattern book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon and evening, and nine picture dressmaking lessons. You just glance at the pictures and see how the styles are made. Nothing could be more simple. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. With this book you can save money on your own and your children's clothes. So it would be a good idea to send 10c now for your copy. Address: Fashion Department.

All patterns 15c each, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

### A Family Affair

Continued from Page 12

and Fanny wipe. We get along quickly, don't we girls?" "While we were using the lists, the children often looked a day ahead. I've known Margaret and Alison to get up and peel the dinner's potatoes before breakfast. Children don't mind doing things if they boss themselves at the job."

"Didn't they ever run off and not do their work?" I asked.

"Not often. We all just left it for them to do. I didn't call anyone back, but sometimes one of the sisters did. One experience of not getting the potatoes peeled in time for dinner was

shame enough never to be repeated. No, they developed a keen sense of honor and took pride in their work. And there was always the race with each other to see who was done first."

"In this case, then, it was a blessing to have such a big family?" I remarked.

"It sure was," dad answered, "and they're fair to medium specimens of perfect health in spite of work, eh, what?"

"Now, dad, you're always teasing us," Fanny protested.

We rose from the supper table and though Mrs. Simmons and I sat outside, I knew it was a very short time indeed, till the girls had the dishes all done and the kitchen tidy.

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**NOTICE** LANDS AND MINERALS—THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY Offers for sale approximately 3,000,000 acres of DESIRABLE AGRICULTURAL LANDS IN MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA. Various parcels may be leased for HAY and GRAZING purposes for a three-year period, at reasonable rentals. The Company is also prepared to receive applications for COAL MINING AND OTHER VALUABLE MINERAL LEASES actually needed for development. For full terms and particulars apply to LAND COMMISSIONER, HUDSON'S BAY CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Send only 4 Maple Leaf Flour Coupons (1 coupon in 24 lb. bag of Maple Leaf Flour—2 coupons in 49 lb. bag, 4 coupons in 98 lb. bag) to the Maple Leaf Club, Maple Leaf Milling Co., Limited, Winnipeg, Manitoba. This enrolls you as a member of the Maple Leaf Club and the first four lessons of this remarkable course will be mailed to you at once, the remaining lessons—four each month—without charge.

**NO** woman who takes pride in her cooking or in keeping abreast of the newest ideas in social entertainment can afford to overlook this wonderful **FREE OFFER**.

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This course costs you nothing—not even postage. Four lessons come to you prepaid each month. Thirty minutes each week is time enough to study the lessons. No blanks to fill in. No examinations. No correspondence, unless you wish to write to Anna Lee Scott for personal advice on special recipes or regarding methods of preparing and serving special dishes for special occasions. This amazing free offer is made to introduce Maple Leaf Flour.

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**Maple Leaf Milling Co.**  
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 Winnipeg, Manitoba

# MAPLE LEAF FLOUR

FOR BREAD. CAKE & PASTRY

## What's New in Clothing

The latest styles, fabrics, and colors for fall

By ANNE DEANE

**I** KNOW you will be interested in a remark made to me recently by a man in the clothing business. "There was a time," he said, "when we always carried two separate stocks—one for our city customers and one for our country patrons. Today it's different—we buy exactly the same goods for both, because out-of-town women are just as anxious to be well-dressed as their urban sisters." This is proof positive that by creating a demand for up-to-date garments and fabrics, women in rural districts have radically changed the viewpoint of merchants. Magazines like The Guide have had a share in this conversion, as they have consistently kept western women in touch with the general trend of fashions, season by season. This good work is to continue so that everyone may be aware of recent developments in the silhouette, fabrics and other details related to the clothing situation.

### The Flare is in Vogue

The most interesting feature about fall styles is the further development of the flare. It crept into summer dresses at the front of the skirt and now has invaded the back. A very good thing it is too, as it gives greater freedom of movement without detracting in the least from the youthful outline so popular today. These flares are produced by a slightly circular cut of the skirt or by the introduction of set-in flares called godets (pronounced go-days) or by groups of pleats. Some of these "ripples" affect only the lower edge of a dress, while others commence at the hip-line, so you can select the type that suits your figure best.

The one-piece dress is far too practical to be laid on the shelf, so it is going to be worn a great deal for afternoon and evening. The two-piece sports outfit that has been popular for several seasons is also a feature of autumn garb. Most day-time clothing has full-length sleeves. Skirts are a trifle longer than they were this summer but still are quite short.

The leading color for fall and winter is a rich pansy purple. This is very beautiful for hats, scarves, and trimmings, but remember, it is only the exceptional person who can successfully wear a whole dress of pansy or fuchsia. It is too intense to be worn in large areas and has the effect of making sallow skins look more sallow. A woman of ample proportions, even if her complexion is good should never, never attempt a gown of pansy, although touches of it are often suitable. Other smart fall shades are brown, rust cinnamon and beige, while black and navy are always good old stand-bys. Royal blue, an intense shade, is also popular but should only be worn if the complexion is good.

### Variety in Fabrics

Of course you want to know about fabrics. Rest assured that if you select poiret twill, tricotine, kashmira or kashaline you will certainly look smart. All these materials are twills, each varying slightly from the rest but possessing in common that suppleness so necessary for the present-day mode. Then there are broadcloth, plain or fancy flannels, wool jersey and tweeds of every description, so you have plenty of choice. Marvella and velours as well as other heavy materials are popular for coatings.

Top coats are either straight or flaring with fur trimmings at the collar, cuffs and lower edge. Sometimes the fur is only placed at the front part of the bottom so if you're a little short of fur try that scheme. Browns, black and plum are shades that find favor this fall.

Hats are still small with very little brim which often turns upward slightly, sloping off to one side. An ornament of ribbon, metal, enamel or feather is frequently placed at the lower side or in front. Felts, velvet shapes and velours are the most popular. If you want a hat that will last for a long time choose velour, as it looks warm and smart and wears well. Felt comes next but neither it nor velour is really suitable for "dress" occasions when velvet would be quite the thing.



## Business Girls Like Cuticura

Because it keeps the complexion clear, the hands soft and the hair live and glossy. The Soap, used daily, cleanses and purifies, while the Ointment soothes and heals. Cuticura Talcum is an ideal toilet powder.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

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# RADIO STATIONS IN CANADA

THE season of the year when radio is most appreciated and most used, is rapidly approaching. After the rush of harvest work is over the farmer and his family will be spending long, cozy winter evenings listening in to the radio stations of Canada and the United States. Not all of the stations are in operation during the summer months, but by the time the winter

season is upon us there will be a great many centres competing for the attention of radio listeners. This very competition assures the radio audience of a good variety of entertainment.

Below is printed a list of some of the broadcasting stations in Canada, showing the wave length which has been assigned to each. Readers will be wise to preserve this for checking with their radio log:

CFAC	The Calgary Herald	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFCB	Star Publ. and Print Co.	Toronto, Ont.	356.9
CFCF	Marconi Co., Canada	Montreal, Que.	417.0
CFCJ	Abitibi Power and Paper Co.	Iroquois Falls, Ont.	499.7
CFCN	Radio Supply Co. Ltd.	Edmonton, Alta.	516.9
CFCO	W. W. Grant Radio Ltd.	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFCR	The Victory City Temple	Victoria, B.C.	329.5
CFCU	Jack V. Elliot Ltd.	Hamilton, Ont.	340.7
CFCV	Henry Birks and Sons Ltd.	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFCW	D. J. Fendell	Thorold, Ont.	248
CFCX	The Electric Shop Ltd.	Saskatoon, Sask.	329.5
CFCY	Queen's University (Dept. of Electrical Engineering)	Fleming Hall, Queen's (New University, Kingston, W-1, Ont., pending)	
CFCZ	Westminster Trust Co.	New Westminster, B.C.	291.1
CFC1	Victor Westworth Odium	Vancouver, B.C.	410.7
CFC2	The Albertan Publ. Co.	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFC3	Riley and McCormick Ltd.	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFC4	The Hamilton Spectator	Hamilton, Ont.	340.7
CFC5	Toronto Radio Research Society	Toronto, Ont.	356.9
CFC6	International Bible Students	Saskatoon, Sask.	329.5
CFC7	J. R. Booth, Jr.	28 Range Rd., Ottawa, Ont.	434.5
CFC8	Northern Electric Co.	Montreal, P.Q.	410.7
CFC9	The Edmonton Journal	Edmonton, Alta.	516.9
CFC0	The News Record	Kitchener, Ont.	329.5
CFC1	J. L. P. Landry	Mont Joli, P.Q.	312.3
CFC2	London Free Press Co.	London, Ont.	329.5
CFC3	LaPresse Publ. Co.	Montreal, P.Q.	410.7
CFC4	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver, B.C.	410.7
CFC5	Leader Publ. Co.	Regina, Sask.	312.3
CFC6	Dr. G. M. Geldert	Ottawa, Ont.	434.5
CFC7	P. Burns & Co. Ltd.	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFC8	First Congregational Church	Vancouver, B.C.	410.7
CFC9	Wilkinson Elec. Co.	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFC0	Wentworth Radio Supply	Hamilton, Ont.	340.7
CFC1	Manitoba Telephone System	Winnipeg, Man.	384.4
CFC2	Canadian National Railways	Calgary, Alta.	434.5
CFC3	Canadian National Railways	Edmonton, Alta.	516.9
CFC4	Canadian National Railways	Montreal, P.Q.	410.7
CFC5	Canadian National Railways	Ottawa, Ont.	434.5
CFC6	Canadian National Railways	Regina, Sask.	312.3
CFC7	Canadian National Railways	Saskatoon, Sask.	329.5
CFC8	Canadian National Railways	Toronto, Ont.	356.9
CFC9	Canadian National Railways	Winnipeg, Man.	384.4
CFC0	Canadian National Railways	Moncton, N.B.	312.3
CFC1	Northern Electric Co.	Toronto, Ont.	356.9
CFC2	A. Couture	1172-74 St. Denis St., Montreal, P.Q.	270.1
CFC3	Canadian National Carbon	Toronto, Ont.	356.9
CFC4	Dominion Battery Co. Ltd.	Toronto, Ont.	357



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Please send me, free of charge, an estimate showing the cost of roofing and siding for a building of the dimensions indicated by rough sketch attached.

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Montreal Quebec Halifax St. John

## Fall and Winter Fashions

Need a snappy sports frock for golf, or tennis or just everyday about-town wear? Or an attractive afternoon dress for the informal dinner or dance? Or some cute clothes for the kiddie for school, or play or dress-up occasions?

Then you need our Fall and Winter Fashion Magazine. There are so many styles in it you'll like. And they're so easy to make. To prove how very simple they are.



We have in many cases illustrated the few steps necessary to complete the garments—picture dressmaking lessons showing how a piece of material is transformed into a charming dress with little effort. These lessons are just the thing for the beginner. But they are not only for the beginner, the experienced home dressmaker will find them a real help.

Send for your copy of this book today. Enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin and address your order to Fashion Department, The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

When wishing to trim a cloth dress with buttons I could not secure the right color, so I used sealing wax of the desired shade to cover them. I melted it over a small alcohol lamp and the effect was very pretty. Of course I do not stand too close to a hot range for any length of time, but as it is my Sunday dress there is no need to do so.

—L. G.

## The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

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## A Mummified City

Continued from Page 7

sides completed the accommodation of the house, except for a few garret rooms on the second story, reserved for servants.

These houses also differed fundamentally from our own in having virtually no windows facing on the street. The life of the house was all focussed inwards, in Oriental fashion, upon the atrium and the peristylum. The passers-by upon the street saw blank walls, pierced only by doors and an occasional grilled slit for light. The houses were built against summer heat, and shade was desired above all things.

The house-furnishings were simple enough. Tables, couches, and chairs were plain but substantial. Statuary was much commoner than today, filling both atrium and peristylum with the likenesses of gods and men. Cupids, fauns, and nymphs were favorite subjects; while very frequently a bust of the master of the house presided over the atrium. Pompeii is especially noted for its paintings, already referred to. These were not, as today, done on canvas and framed, but were wrought directly in panels on the glassy surface of the walls. The whole range of Greek mythology was drawn upon for subjects. Just as the medieval artists painted an infinite number of Madonnas, Saint Sebastians, and weeping Magdalene, so the pagan artists of Pompeii painted an infinitude of amorous scenes from the early Greek myths—the love of Venus for Adonis, of Apollo for Daphne, of Aphrodite for Ares; the finding of Ariadne by Bacchus; and the wild pursuit of nymphs by satyrs. The prevailing note is realism, perfected to a degree that does not appear again in Europe for 13 centuries or more. Compared with the works of Zeuxis and Apollodorus in the great age of Greece, the Pompeian pictures are no doubt stamped with decadence; but they are infinitely better than the pious monstrosities of the later Middle Ages.

### The Stores and Baths

Apart from residences, the chief features of the streets were the stores and the baths. The former were usually small single rooms on the ground floor, constituting the outer occupied rim of the dwelling houses and having no communication with the homes behind them. The nearest modern parallel would be a row of delicatessen stores on the ground floor of a New York apartment house. Their stock-in-trade would consist usually of wines, olive oil, or bread; although shops have been found which retailed, each in its line, almost every conceivable type of wares, even to works of art.

The baths were large, luxurious establishments, employing much the same system as the modern Turkish bath. Each bath would have a dressing-room, a hot air room, a tepid room, and a cold air room. There were separate sets of rooms for men and women, with a single furnace supplying the heat for both. Frequent accessories to the men's baths were a gymnasium and a swimming pool.

The great centre of political and religious life was the Forum, a great colonnaded public square, 500 feet long by 100 feet wide, adorned with a score of monumental statues and surrounded by the chief buildings of the city. Here were temples to Jupiter, to Apollo (see Fig. 1), and to the Emperor Vespasian; the Basilica, or court house; a public library; the comitium, or voting hall; the tribunal, or city hall; and two beautiful buildings which served as provision market and as wool exchange respectively. To apply the same system to Winnipeg, we would have a glorified Mall, surrounded by the finest churches of the city, the court house, the city hall, the Carnegie library, and a transformed Board of Trade building.

The amusements of Pompeii were supplied by a roofed-in music hall, an open air theatre, and an amphitheatre. The first of these, shaped like half a bowl, with marble seats rising row above row, accommodated 1,500 people. In it were given concerts for the music-lovers of the city. The open air theatre had a similar auditorium, seating 5,000 people, and was used for plays and



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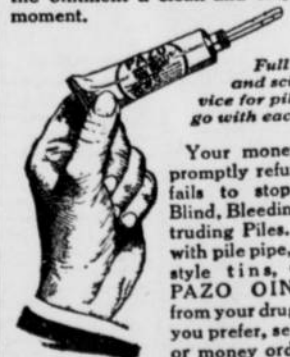
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vaudeville shows. The amphitheatre (see Fig. III) was a large oval, measuring 450 feet along its major axis and seating the entire population. The program here included bull-fights and gladiatorial duels. On a similar basis, Winnipeg would have a concert hall seating 18,000, a theatre accommodating 60,000 thousand, and a hockey rink for 300,000.

Standing in the deserted city today, under the scorching Italian sun, the visitor is moved by mingled feelings of melancholy and wonder—melancholy as over a mummy half-unswathed, whose withered parchment features speak with dumb eloquence of the mortality and decay of man and his works, of the brevity of laughter and love and throbbing life—and wonder over the glimpse of ancient times here vouchsafed to the eye of the imagination, a vision of the splendor of past achievement, of the warm beauty of past culture, of the humanness of past humanity. Henry Ford and many others of our generation repudiate history as a useless study. It would seem rather that a broad knowledge of the past achievements of man is urgently needed to counteract the crudity, the blatant egotism, and the ignorant self-sufficiency of our parvenu age. Pompeii is an invaluable chapter in that study of times gone by.

### Newspapers Eat Trees

The timber from 7,500 acres of land is required each week for America's Sunday newspapers. It takes the pulp trees from that much land to provide their newsprint paper. Yet publishing is only one of the hundred groups of industries that draw their material from the forest. The gigantic lumber industry, with its 20,000 mills, consumes only a third of the wood that is annually removed from the forest. More wood is used for fuel than for lumber. Directly and indirectly the responsibility for depletion of forests rests on every citizen who uses wood in any of its manufactured forms. Carelessness and waste characterize our attitude toward forest products. They have been too cheap and plentiful to be appreciated.—From the Boston Transcript.

### A Feminine Resource



[Photo by F. Sewell, Oakburn, Man.]

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Dat bad boy frowned sand  
Wright into my eye,  
So what can a poor little girl  
Do, but cry!

Of course I am mad!  
How else would I feel,  
When boys is so bad?  
I dess he'll be sorry when he  
Sees my Dad!

Now for fun!  
Here's all the folks comin',  
All scared, on the run;  
So I'd better keep cryin'  
Like I've begun.

Why shouldn't I cry?  
I think I'll howl louder—  
I can, if I try.  
When boys is so naughty  
Girls 'ist got to cry.

—Margaret Minaker.

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## VALUE OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Women who live in country communities in Western Canada tell in letters to *The Guide* a little of the pleasures and benefits they have enjoyed from working with others in active organizations

**A** FEW years ago I did not belong to a women's club. My time was spent caring for the children, house, garden and poultry. That is my work yet, but now I also devote an afternoon a month, occasionally more, to our local club. I used to drive to our distant town occasionally, sometimes meeting other women and exchange a few polite observations. I was often fearfully lonely in spite of my family, magazines, and piano.

When our club was organized I became a member at once. After a year in which we were feeling our way cautiously over strange paths, as it were, I was elected president. During my high school years I had had considerable executive ability which now for years had not been used in any public way. I decided to overcome my growing reticence and apply my talents to the work at hand.

Since attending meetings regularly I had learned to know so many women living throughout the country and town. It has been a joy to work with them and to feel that we had confidence in each other. I used to think no one cared particularly whether I was one of a gathering or not. Now I feel that their concern is genuine, and I have learned to love many of these dear women who before were to me so many pleasant acquaintances.

We have given programs and plays. Coming together for rehearsals we have unconsciously thrown off worries, petty grudges, years of age. We have gone home rejuvenated and inspired to carry on with even the drab duties of life cheerfully, as we looked forward to more meetings of the same kind.

Not long ago a shy neighbor confided to me, "It's so seldom I go out amongst women that I feel I don't know how to act. Mrs. Blank told me she felt the same way." "Oh," I replied, "we all feel exactly so when we stick at home too closely." "Well," she declared, "I'm going to attend every meeting of your club till I get over that, and become well acquainted with all of you."

My home and children have not been neglected because of the club. I have received valuable hints on new methods of doing things, new ideas in home decoration, helps in poultry raising and gardening, economical and time-

saving recipes, different ideas for sewing my children's and my own clothes, and inspiration to do good team work with my sister club members, as we all carry the same burdens and travel the same road. Together we have had the joy of bringing real help to some in need, more effectively through our organization, than if attempted individually.

The club afforded me a most wonderful treat in that I was chosen delegate one year to represent our club at the convention at Saskatoon. Aside from all the beneficial lectures, inspirational contact for days with numbers of fine women, I enjoyed the outing even more, as I was living those days amidst beautiful scenery in parts of Canada I had never seen before.

Not only is there a closer bond of friendship between me and the women of our community, but as the clubs of some neighboring towns are linked with ours, I have formed new and beautiful friendships with women there. We have had most enjoyable and helpful conventions in our district. Speaking for other women as well as myself, I must confess that we need a little stimulus to keep up interest in the weightier problems of the day. In preparing a paper on any subject the mind must be active and awake to get and give essential and noteworthy facts. I have greatly appreciated the study of: the League of Nations, the Traffic in Drugs, the Fight for Clean Literature, etc., conducted by our women's club. I have resolved to keep myself posted that I may give careful guidance to my own boys' and girls' thinking.

The Club has given me more self assurance and poise, and a greater freedom of speech as I have had to appear a number of times before the public either as chairman at an evening's entertainment, or in giving

The Guide welcomes letters at any time which describe things being attempted or done by farm women's organizations. In the past we have published a large number of such letters, which have been most helpful and inspirational to people who would like to have practical ideas for their own local club. If the organization to which you belong has done something important or interesting, let us hear about it. Usual rates will be paid for letters which we consider worth publishing.

papers and addresses. This has been a stimulus to study and clear thinking, taking me out of the ruts of what might have been a monotonous existence.—Martha, Saskatchewan.

### A Threefold Benefit

About eighteen months ago, I joined the nearest women's organization, which meets monthly at the school eight miles away. The reasons for joining were several. The biggest perhaps was to get in touch with a number of women with similar interests meeting together at a given time and place to discuss rural problems, with a view to pushing forward to attain objectives agreed upon as worth while.

Now that women have votes, and are eligible for jury duty, school trustees, and a whole host of important positions, we have to find out the best ways and means of carrying out those duties. Here again I found the organization helpful. The preparation of papers to be read at meetings, hearing other papers read all go towards broadening one's intellect, and the broader one's outlook on life the greater one's advantages and enjoyment. I have learnt to express my opinion on subjects that I am keenly interested in and to probe for other people's ideas. I am a firm believer that as people learn to properly express their convictions progress will be more rapid.

I have met a great many more people through the organization than I ever would have had I stayed away. And to meet with people means an exchange of experiences and knowledge from which I always seek to benefit. Before and after the meetings friendly talks have helped to overcome everyday difficulties and I have always come away with the feeling that any information I may need at any time I can always ring any of the members up by telephone and ask without any fear of being thought intruding.

Recently, I was discussing with one of the district's pioneers the great number of social gatherings they appeared to have in the old days, whereas, now these things all seem to be at a low ebb in our district. The explanation she gave was that there seemed to be so much more to do these days. How that comes about I don't know unless mixed farming accounts for it. This again makes the organization a more imperative need and the fact of belonging to the local club of a large farm organization, which holds annual conventions, to which we send our delegates, gives one the feeling that we are getting somewhere (even if our old time friends do insist we live in the "Back of Beyond") and that is a huge comfort. Though I find the world a delightful place to live in, I cannot shut my eyes to the facts that there are a whole lot of wrongs that can and should be righted. I look upon our organization as the place where those castles in the air are going to be built. It may be only the foundation in our lifetime, but everything has to have a beginning, and success cannot be measured by the amount accomplished, but by the quality and the benefits derived. This expresses a little what our Women's Club means to me.—Cecilia L. Hill, Manitoba.

### Mental Stimulus

Attending the meetings of our club has cheered and renewed my strength many times when both mental and physical energy were lagging.

All work and no recreation is very hard on mothers of large families, who can always find some work to keep them at home. When it can't be done without taking time for an occasional holiday, my advice is "let it go undone." I have done this and felt so renewed, that the work was easier done the next day, my spirits lighter, and pleasant thoughts of our meeting and

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the friends I met kept my mind from dwelling on anything melancholy.

I have become acquainted with some excellent people which I might never have met had it not been for the women's club.

Not only have I enjoyed the papers prepared on the subject for discussion, but when I have one to prepare myself, it stirs me to greater effort and I get thoughts that would otherwise lie dormant.—Mrs. Thos. W. Condon, Saskatchewan.



# The Woman and Her Work

Some words of counsel to those whose duties crowd upon them

By MARILLA R. WHITMORE

**M**ANY women complain that they find their work too hard and lament that they are "never done." Such women may be sorted into several groups. First, there is the woman who hates housework and could do something else much better. Only the accident of sex made her a dishwasher and a child-bearer. Any person, male or female, who does work that he or she dislikes, is rowing upstream, and will always have a hard time getting anywhere. Fortunately there are not many women of this sort.

Then there is the woman who really and truly has a burden too great for her to bear. Too many small children! Yes, there can be too many children, as enlightened womanhood is finding out. All this can wreck any woman's spirit. Yet it is true that these women who have their hands and hearts full seldom do the complaining. They are too busy trying to make things easier for those who come after them. Many fine men and women, to my personal knowledge, come from such homes, and owe their rise in the world to determined mothers.

Next we have the great class of women who have never learned the value of time. Now, while I do not believe that women should rush madly from job to job with their hair streaming wildly behind them, I do believe that it is folly to waste so many precious hours over routine work such as sweeping, etc. If I am going to do any leaning I don't want to do it over a broom, I'd rather do it over the latest magazine.

In the last and by far the largest class of all are the women who have the false ideal, the women who have the wrong idea as to what constitutes a good day's work. Most of the women who complain that they never "get done" belong to the last two classes.

## When Sundown Comes

Family life is a feminine institution, don't forget that. And it succeeds or fails to a great extent according to the woman responsible for it. The woman who is "never done" has small chance of developing a happy family life. Her mental attitude is wrong. Change that and you change everything.

But the question is how to change it? The woman who has washed, scrubbed, ironed, cooked, tended children and chickens, and done a thousand other jobs all day long, and who, despite all these labors, reached sundown with the feeling that her day has not been a success, and that tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, on, and on, and on forever, is going to be just like today, has been cheated out of something in life. She has been robbed of joy and of the good feeling that comes from work well done.

So being a woman she takes it out on her husband. It's wonderful how much a husband can be blamed for. Personally, I think the masculine sex is much over-rated. I don't think it is so powerful and intelligent that it is the cause of everything. I've always felt a great pride in shouldering my own mistakes (my husband doesn't believe this) and if evening finds me an unhappy woman, with a feeling that the day has been like a big rag bag, with a lot of odds and ends still sticking out of the top, it is my own fault.

## Some Things May Have to Go

The first thing to do, if you are a woman who is "never done," is to take the blame and then look for a way out. Study your job, yourself and your folks. If you can't take care of a big garden and a small baby at the same time, let the garden go. The old world will wag on just the same even if it is shy a little garden "sass." But the baby! Who could get along without the baby. Be sure that you have time to boil the little darling's bottles properly, to give him

his daily bath, and to keep him well and healthy.

If it takes you an hour to wash the dishes, then go and watch some neighbor who gets done in 20 minutes. Nine times out of ten you can rearrange that inconvenient kitchen so as to shorten this and other time-devouring tasks. It doesn't cost anything to move the kitchen table and put in a few shelves, and put up a few extra hooks, and sometimes that is all that is necessary.

Now, if you think that the big object of marriage is to clean the house, change your ideal. A home is something more than a tin-pan to be cleaned and scoured. I once visited a farm woman whose husband owned 1,200 acres of land, and had it paid for, too. She and her daughter were rendering lard. She laughed, "This is a dirty job, but somehow I never look at it in that way. I learned long ago when we were just starting and were very poor, that no work is drudgery if one is working towards an ideal."

"And what was that ideal?" I asked, all curiosity to think that a farmer's wife might have an ideal.

"I wanted to have healthy, happy people around me, and enough time for the better things of life, like books and music and my friends. I never was so poor I couldn't be a good neighbor or read a good book. And I always kept up with the times and knew enough to vote even when I couldn't vote in any except school elections. I have always looked on everything I did as a step to something better," was this woman's astonishing reply.

## By Way of Reward

That woman, by the way, is a real leader in her community, and always has been, even when she was not blessed with so much of this world's goods as she is today. Her husband and her family respect her. Her neighbors have shown her in every way possible in what high esteem they hold her. There is no fancy needlework, no Period furniture, and not even some of the so-called modern conveniences in her home. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if occasionally there would be some dust behind her bed.

But she has what she wants, good books, flowers, music, friends and a flock of prize-winning Rhode Island Reds, and health.

She has been a leader in all community projects, and is at present a member of the school board. Although her girls and boys are college graduates they pitch in and do the homely tasks around the farm the same as their mother and dad. And so far as I know, or have heard, not a one of them has tried to teach their folks anything, for their folks have always kept just a step or two ahead of them.

"Pretty hard work for me when they were all little and my nearest neighbor 30 miles away," she told me, "but it has been worth it."

So there you are, this woman had the right mental attitude. She did only those things which promoted the best interest of the human beings around her. If you get that attitude you will never have the feeling that your day has not been worth while, you will think "I have done the best I could."

"I won't worry over that kitchen floor. I can scrub it tomorrow. I'm glad that I took time to help Betty or William with his arithmetic instead, for education is of so much more importance than the floor."

Now don't think from what I say that I am belittling the earnest housekeeper. Far from it, for no one likes a well-kept house better than I do, but I am of the opinion that once you get the right mental attitude towards your work you will really accomplish more work in a shorter time than will the woman whose nose is so close to the grindstone all the time that she never lifts her eyes to the horizon. Work that is happily done is quickly done.

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"Miracle" products are of such high quality that we pack them in a special container and wrapper. The Color IN the can is Enameled ON the can. As cream is richer than milk, just so is "Miracle" superior to ordinary paints and varnishes. It is a high-class product packed in a high-class way.

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Try Jewel also for frying—it cooks without burning and is tasteless and odorless. You will find it quite an economy, too, for you can use one-third less quantity than you require of butter or lard.

Jewel is always pure, fresh and wholesome. Your butcher or grocer has this famous Shortening for you, carefully packed in 1-lb. cartons and in various sized pails to suit your requirements.



Swift Canadian Co. Ltd.





## Some Car Experiences

Continued from Page 11

would not budge. The car was new and everything was tight.

Finally, my temper ruffled, my feathers trailing, I called the garage.

Two men responded to my call, bringing with them a large service truck with a crane, ready to take the car to hospital. They investigated; one gave the other a look I did not like. Then he slipped the engine into gear, and they rocked the car back and forth for a minute, till we heard a little click. Then the garage person said grandiloquently "It's all right now."

And it was. The engine had just stopped on dead centre, and it had to be turned over a little in order for the starter to engage it. The same remedy applies, I find, if the starter gets stuck. Simple but effective.

Some cars resent water on certain

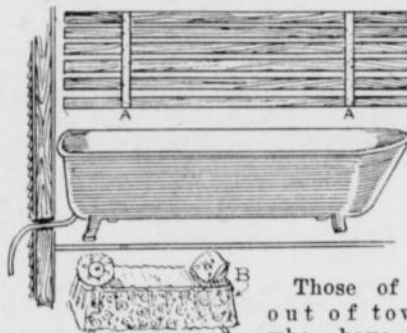
parts of their anatomy as much as a small boy objects to having his ears washed. Way back in early Canadian history, I recall having my car stalled all night in the middle of the road 15 miles from the nearest garage. I saw a water hole ahead of me, and thought I would take a run for it. I did and the water flew in every direction to my great amusement. A few yards the other side of the hole, the car sickened and died. Apparently without reason or symptoms, it just stopped. That car did not have a self-starter, and I cranked till I had no crank left in me. Then I started to walk to town to get a mechanic.

When we arrived next morning at the "scene of the tragedy," the mechanic cranked again—and the engine hummed as sweetly as ever. The water had splashed up on the magneto and caused a short circuit. When the water dried off, everything was alright

But I paid the mechanic just the same as though he had done something.

But as for recipes for emergencies, the only ones I would suggest are to learn to drive so well that one does the right thing automatically, when there is no time to think; keep the car oiled and greased and in the very best working condition possible, this includes properly adjusted brakes; and have the necessary tools, also in working condition. Driving around town where there is a convenient garage around every corner, one can afford to take chances; but driving in the country, it is a great satisfaction to hear your engine purring steadily and contentedly. The content is contagious. Your engine likes it too.

## A Bath in Summer



Those of us out of town, who have to use old-fashioned houses, need not do without the luxury of a good bath. If you can spare a corner in the big kitchen or even some other room that is warm, buy a steel bath tub offered by some stores for near \$16. Place it next to an outside wall. Bore a hole in the wall far enough from the floor to be in line with the hose connection on the tub. Run the hose out through this opening.

Nail some pieces of light, strong lumber together to form a lid, which can easily be removed when tub is in use. After the bath is over put on lid, cover with an old quilt cover or auto rug. Add a washable cushion or two and see how the children like to play there during the day. (See B). Dig a good drain ditch outside to carry away the water if you cannot manage a good pipe drain. In severe weather it may be necessary to dip the water out after bathing instead of using drain pipe, for a few weeks.—Mrs. M. B. R.

[Editor's Note.—If the lid were hinged at A and A, it could lie flat against the wall when the bath is in use. A hook and eye at the top would prevent it from falling down.]

## Facing the Facts

Some farm journals continually remind their readers of the service they are being given. It is a good thing to face the facts and to admit that they do give good service, but Guide readers know we seldom mention our service; we prefer to give more of it and talk less. For instance, readers are told of the great sacrifice papers are now making in reducing their subscription rates to the pre-war figure. Since 1921, Guide readers have been enjoying this reduction in spite of the fact that expenses were high and newspaper postage rates six times the pre-war figure.

In addition to this, The Guide gave its readers 30 per cent. more reading matter in 1923, approximately 40 per cent. more in 1924, and so far, this year, approximately 50 per cent. more reading matter than the next nearest farm journal published in Western Canada. This is an undeniable fact and proven by an actual analysis of reading matter space in the chief western farm journals. When renewing subscriptions or choosing a farm journal farmers will no doubt remember this point.

If your renewal is about to fall due it might be well to point out that right now, so many new readers are being added to the list each week that subscriptions which are only a short time in arrears are being removed from the circulation list and The Guide stopped. Often this is annoying because you are reading a series of articles, the serial story, or are looking for bargains in The Farmers' Market Place. However, the address label on the front cover shows the month and year in which renewals fall due, and to prevent any inconvenience it is advisable to send them in promptly.



I personally request every gray haired person to write for my patented Free Trial Restorer and let me prove how easily, quickly, surely gray hair can be restored to its perfect natural color. This offer would be impossible if I could not guarantee results. But I perfected my Restorer to get back the original color in my own prematurely gray hair. I know what it will do. My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color perfect; no streaking or discoloration.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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REGINA WINNIPEG CALGARY  
SASKATOON FORT WILLIAM EDMONTON

## Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion

Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating, are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloated feeling out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take, and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.



## The Solglo Paint Salesman Comes to You and Saves You Money!

How often have you said to yourself, "I wonder how much paint it will take to paint my HOUSE or BARN?" Perhaps you are wondering yet—the job still remains to be done—your buildings are going to wreck and ruin for want of protection!

Or perhaps you are one of thousands who buy paint by guess-work. You either get insufficient for your requirements—more likely than not—too much! It is a costly—extravagant—and WASTEFUL method.

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—the economical paint  
—the paint that endures



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The only paint sold direct from factory to consumer through local agents.



5 GAL. DRUM

You will like Solglo's even flow—richness of tone—quick drying and glossy finish. And the price you pay is lower than for any other Guaranteed First Quality Paint.

EVERY GALLON COVERS 400 SQUARE FEET, TWO COATS

## GUARANTEE

We guarantee Solglo Paints and Varnishes are No. 1 quality. Made from the very best ingredients procurable. Guaranteed Pure Linseed Oil Base—Highest Grade Pigments Assuring Good Wearing Quality. We positively guarantee every can manufactured will conform to these standards.

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It is the scientific way to buy paint—in fact the only way. You get the right kind of paint for every job—the right color—the right quantity. No more, no less. You get this extra SERVICE—free—and you buy the materials for less money!

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"Solglo" is the only brand of paint sold through local agents direct from FACTORY to CONSUMER. Our salesmen figure the job and secure for you Brand New Paint direct from the Factory. That is why you can buy "Solglo" for less money! You don't have to pay middlemen's profits and high overhead charges. Hundreds of agents have already been appointed in Western Canada to sell the Brand New Paint, and the exact quantity to each customer for less money. You save money on the job and the price paid for the materials. Stop further ruinous depreciation—paint this Fall—write for the Solglo salesman tonight!

In case we have not yet appointed an agent in your district, when writing state what you want to do. We will send you prices and color cards FREE, and tell you how to figure quantity required.

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189 James St.

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Distributors for Consolidated Paint and Varnish Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.  
Agents wanted in unrepresented territories



## The Stranger Within the Gate

Continued from Page 6

blistered hands, while he alternately drowsed over a heap of papers and watched Grace as she went about her work.

"Pardon?" the girl asked, absently. "I was sayin' it was pretty smooth," repeated Lane. "I figure I was just cut out to be one of these aristocrats—no work to do, plenty to eat, and a pretty girl to wait on me!"

He sighed luxuriously, and Grace laughed. "You would soon be tired of lazying and wish to get back to work."

"Not in ten lifetimes!" Lane assured her, emphatically.

"I wonder," he added, teasingly, "what Sam Hill would give to be me, right now?"

"Perhaps he wouldn't give anything," said Grace, without assurance, and Lane laughed as he took up a paper.

There was silence for a few moments as Grace rolled the dough into loaves and placed them in their pans. Suddenly Lane uttered a queer choked exclamation and sat up very straight.

"Whatever's the matter?" asked Grace.

"Dust," said Lane, huskily, from behind the paper.

"Dust?" echoed Grace, her eyes flashing. "In my kitchen? Not on your life!"

"Must have been flour, then," murmured Lane, lowering the paper but avoiding her eyes. He considered for a moment, then in a casual tone he commenced to speak.

"Ain't it funny how long you can work alongside a feller and scarcely know the first thing about him?"

"H'm, h'm," assented Grace, scarcely attending.

"I remember a lad as used to work alongside me a year or two before I came to work for your dad. He used to go away for a day or two every month, to see his old mother in the city, he said. He had been doing that for maybe six months, when the detectives came out from the city and took him. They claimed he had had about a thousand dollars worth of jewellery cached out in an old ruined barn. He'd gathered it all on his monthly trips. And I'd have trusted that lad with my last dollar."

"Fierce," murmured Grace.

"Then there was that Russian what set fire to the stack and tried to carry you off. He'd sit by the hour in the bunkhouse, playing sweet tunes on his mouth-organ, and he showed me the photo of his wife and kids, he carried."

"You don't say!"

"And now," said Lane, his voice taking on a sudden edge, "there's Sam Hill."

"Sam Hill?" echoed Grace, sharply.

"What about him?"

Lane spread the paper before her, and pointed with his bandaged hand.

"Read that!"

With a shrug of impatience for Lane's dramatic gesture, Grace leaned over and read:

"Brent City. Mrs. William Lampson is still seeking information with regard to the whereabouts of her husband, who left their farm, two miles from town, on August 15 last, ostensibly to find work in the harvest fields, and has not been heard of since. Lampson is 26 years of age, height five feet eleven inches, weight 175 pounds. He had dark hair and grey eyes, and when he left home was wearing a grey flannel suit."

Grace read the item three times before she raised her head.

"Well?" she asked, quietly. "What about it?"

"What about it?" echoed Lane. "Why, Sam Hill is this Lampson, that's all! Isn't that the exact description of him? And wasn't he wearing a grey flannel suit, that afternoon when he walked in here? He said he came from the west, and if he left there walking on August the fifteenth, he could nicely do the forty miles and arrive here two days later."

Grace laughed, strangely.

"What an imagination you have, Jim!" she exclaimed. "There must have been hundreds of young fellows

who answer to that description moving about at harvest time, and why should a man walk forty miles to find a job, when he must have passed dozens of farmers needing help, on the way?"

"For the same reason that he doesn't go back!" cried Lane. "He was meaning to get right away."

"Nonsense!" said Grace, emphatically. "Nonsense!"

"All right," cried Lane, indignantly. "Nonsense, is it? You ask him, that's all. You ask him!" He seized his hat clumsily between his bandaged hands and stumped out of the kitchen.

For a moment, Grace stared at the paper, then suddenly she seized it and, screwing it into a ball, she threw it on to the floor and stamped on it savagely. But presently she stooped, and smoothed the paper out and hid it carefully away.

It was almost time for the men to

come in for their supper, and she started to prepare the evening meal with a curious sensation of numbness. Occasionally she paused to assure herself passionately that Hill and this wife-deserter were not, could not be, one and the same man. At other times she would rouse herself to wonder whether Lane had really been sitting there and had read that shattering paragraph. She was forced to go again to the paper before she could believe it.

Presently the threshing gang came tramping in, followed by Lane. The girl's eyes went at once to Hill. Could any man laugh and joke like that, she wondered, with the knowledge that he had abandoned his wife, in the background of his mind? She noted how he took a seat next to Lane, and the tactful manner in which he concentrated attention on the engineer by a

running fire of chaff, while he sliced Lane's meat to render it negotiable for his bandaged hands, and decided for the fiftieth time that such a thought was incredible.

She decided to call him back when the others left, to show him the paper, and share with him the joke of Lane's suspicions. Accordingly, as the others went out, she called to him. Lane looked back with grim approval for which, although she knew he wished her well, she felt she hated him.

"There's something in this paper I wish to show you, Sam," she said, with an attempted smile.

"Someone left me a fortune?" he asked.

Grace waited until her father had passed into the front room, then she pointed to the paragraph. "Do you

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**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**  
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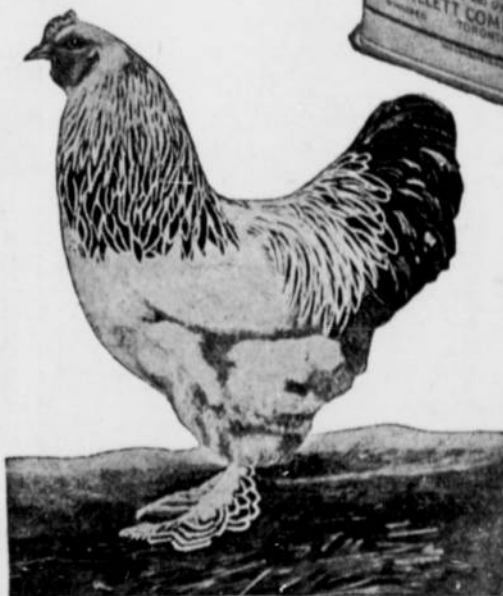
THE importance of Vitamines in building up and maintaining the utmost health, vigor and productive activity of poultry, is now fully established. And the purpose of Chickadee Yeast Food is to furnish an absolutely reliable and continuously effective supply of essential vitamins. Chickadee Yeast Food, fed to poultry, gives the following desirable results:—

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| 4—Improves General Health      |                              |
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| 7—Increases Egg Production     |                              |
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105

know?" she said, with an uneasy laugh. "Jim Lane thinks that's a good description of you!"

Unconsciously, she held her breath, watching his face as he read the item. A dull horror gripped her as the blood fled from his cheeks, leaving the tanned skin a sickly yellow.

"Sam!" she whispered, hoarsely. "Say something! Say it isn't you!"

He looked up at her, and in his eyes she read misery, terror, and, yes she had to admit it—love.

"I—I can't," he muttered.

"You—you the other night—" she began, brokenly. Her pride came to her aid, and she stopped.

"I couldn't help it," he said, pleadingly. "I thought you were hurt, at first, then you clung to me—I've been keeping away, ever since."

Grace turned suddenly and groped for the handle of the door.

"Grace," he pleaded. "Stop. Let me explain."

Dashing aside the hand with which he sought to detain her, she ran to her room and threw herself face down on the bed. She heard from below the faint thud of the door, then slow dragging footsteps on the veranda.

The following day was Sunday, and



the men, who had been working hard all week, celebrated the rest-day by rising four hours later. Lane, who had not been working, came early to the house. He greeted Grace almost jubilantly, seemed about to break into self-gratulations, then, after a troubled glance at her face, said, simply, "Hill's packing," and helped himself to bacon.

Hill was the last to appear. His eyes were heavy and sunken, as though he had not slept. As man after man finished his meal and strolled back to the bunkhouse, Grace began to fear that she would be left alone with him,

Continued on Page 27

#### THE DOO DADS

Nicky Nutt isn't half as hard-boiled as he likes to have people think; not even half as hard-hearted as he thinks he is. When he is cross he threatens all manner of terrible things; but when he thinks Tiny, his pet elephant, is in danger he is like a hen whose little chicks are threatened. Tiny, though he is so large, is only a baby elephant after all, and loves pranks. Also, Nicky and the Dooville policeman, Flannelfeet, have played so many practical jokes on Tiny that he has learned a few himself. So the other day when Tiny was splashing about in a pool of water he played a joke on his master. Elephants love the water. In Asia, where they live wild in the woods, they swim wonderfully well, and they like to roll and wallow in a stream. Well, Tiny was playing in a pool, drawing water up into his trunk and playing it like a hose on his sides, when he thought it would be fun to turn the hose on Nicky. So he drew up a big trunk full of water and sent it sizzling right into Nicky's face. Oh, but Nicky was cross! He wiped the dirty water out of his eyes, and was wild with rage. Tiny laughed all over his big baby face, and jumped out on the farther side of the pool and ran. Nicky could only splutter and shake his fist, and threaten the terrible thing he could do some day. Tiny ran away laughing. Nicky was in a great temper. He ran to the clothesline and took down the heavy pole and held it up. Fierce as a lion at heart he strode away down the street to look for his pet elephant. Presently he met Flannelfeet, the policeman. "What's the big idea, Nicky?" asked the policeman. "I'm going to beat up that smart-Aleck elephant of mine," Nicky announced. "Just wait till I come up with him!" "What has he done—run away again? Stole your ice cream cone?" "Well, if he isn't running he'd better be. What did he do? Huh! Didn't do a thing but squirt about a barrel of muddy water into my face—right in my eyes and all over me." Nicky hunted all over but could not find Tiny, who had run away and hidden himself. So Nicky went back home and waited in the yard until Tiny should come in. "I'll fix him," Nicky kept saying to the world at large. "Just wait till he gets here—I'll smash him over the head with this club. I'll fix him." And he swung the clothesline pole with all his might. But he waited in vain. Tiny did not come. Nicky first began to wonder whether his threats had so scared his pet that Tiny had run far away and might never come back at all. He would be very sorry if that happened, for he was very fond of Tiny. Then he began to think of all the things that might have happened to Tiny. He could hardly fall into the river and drown, for he could swim; but he might have been hit by an automobile. Yes, and he might have got on the tracks and been run over by a train. He was so frightened that he would not know what to do. Nicky was very badly scared when he thought of all these things. He was sure something had happened, or Tiny would never stay out so late. Finally Nicky was so uneasy he started down the street to look for his pet, calling after him. "Tiny! Tiny!" He had entirely forgotten the pole on his shoulder. Flannelfeet, the policeman, met him, and thought he was still trying to find Tiny and beat him. "Haven't caught him yet," asked the cop. "No, and I'm so worried. I'm afraid something has happened to the poor ole fellow."





# THE FARMERS' MARKET

Office of the United Grain Growers Limited, Winnipeg, Man., August 28, 1925.

**WHEAT**—Sold steadily, lower in sympathy with decline in U. S. markets. Some reselling by British interests in evidence during the latter part of the week, but bulk of the trade was of a professional nature and consisted mainly of sales in this market against purchases in Chicago and vice versa. The market to a large extent is a weather market, but apart from that the amount of new crop wheat sold overseas and the general demand is disappointing. Russian wheat is being bought in Britain, that country again having entered the wheat market temporarily, at least, as an export country. Latest estimates on the crop run all the way from 325 to 365 millions, both figures being quoted by American crop experts now in Western Canada. Cash wheat premiums are holding well, with little wheat available in the spot position. Inspections, however, are getting heavier daily, and premiums undoubtedly will vanish to a large extent during the next week or two. One Northern wheat for the last five days, September delivery, trading today at five over October, as against 24 cents over on spot wheat of the same grade.

**OATS**—Very quiet, with small trade from day to day. Very limited quantities of oats available and export houses declining to offer quantities on that account.

**BARLEY**—Good brisk demand for barley in September delivery positions reflects some business done in new crop grain. Arrivals of barley light so far, but heavier movement is expected during the next week. Prices have held fairly firm in face of declining market for other grains, the buying being quite sufficient to care for all offerings.

**RYE**—Weak market, with little demand from rye importing countries. American rye decline forcing prices lower in this market, and thus far there is little interest taken by buyers of this commodity.

**FLAX**—Crushers' agents continue to absorb all offerings of cash and October delivery flax, and undertone generally is firm.

## WINNIPEG FUTURES

Aug. 24 to 29, inclusive.

	24	25	26	27	28	29	Week Ago	Year Ago
Wheat—								
Oct. 144	142	140	142	140	138	146	131	
Dec. 140	138	136	139	137	134	142	127	
May 144	142	141	143	141	139	146	132	
Oats—								
Oct. 48	47	46	47	47	46	48	57	
Dec. 46	45	44	44	45	43	46	54	
May 49	48	47	48	48	47	50	56	
Barley—								
Oct. 74	73	72	72	72	71	76	83	
Dec. 72	71	69	70	70	69	73	77	
May ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	79	
Flax—								
Oct. 235	232	228	229	230	227	241	208	
Dec. 229	226	223	225	224	223	234	200	
May 235	234	231	232	232	230	242	207	
Rye—								
Oct. 99	97	93	93	92	88	102	89	
Dec. 100	97	93	93	92	90	102	87	
May 106	103	99	99	98	96	108	93	

## CASH WHEAT

Aug. 24 to 29, inclusive.

	Aug.	24	25	26	27	28	29	Week Ago	Year Ago
1 N ..	166	164	163	166	162	155	173	138	
2 N ..	161	159	158	161	157	154	168	133	
3 N ..	157	155	154	157	153	149	165	129	
4 .....	148	146	145	148	146	142	155	121	
5 .....	127	125	124	126	124	122	133	111	
6 .....	..	..	100	102	101	100	..	102	
Feed ..	..	..	80	82	81	80	..	94	

## LIVERPOOL PRICES

Liverpool market closed August 28 as follows: October, 1½d lower at 11s 1½d; December, 1½d lower at 10s 7½d per 100 lbs. Exchange, Canadian funds, quoted ½c lower at \$4.83. Worked out in bushels and Canadian currency. Liverpool close was: October \$1.61½; December \$1.54.

## MINNEAPOLIS CASH PRICES

Spring wheat—No. 1 dark northern, \$1.56½ to \$1.71½; No. 1 northern, \$1.55½ to \$1.58½; No. 2 dark northern, \$1.53½ to \$1.68½; No. 2 northern, \$1.52½ to \$1.56½; No. 3 dark northern, \$1.50½ to \$1.65½; No. 3 northern, \$1.48½ to \$1.54½. Winter wheat—Montana No. 1 dark hard, \$1.60½ to \$1.70½; No. 1 hard, \$1.58½ to \$1.63½; Minnesota and South Dakota No. 1 dark hard, \$1.57½ to \$1.64½; No. 1 hard, \$1.55½ to \$1.62½. Durum wheat—No. 1 amber, \$1.35½ to \$1.41½; No. 1 durum, \$1.30½ to \$1.39½; No. 2 amber, \$1.31½ to \$1.40½; No. 2 durum, \$1.29½ to \$1.37½; No. 3 amber, \$1.28½ to \$1.38½; No. 3 durum, \$1.27½ to \$1.35½. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 92½c to 93½c; No. 3 yellow, 91½c to 92½c; No. 4 yellow, 89½c to 91½c; No. 2 mixed, 88½c to 89½c; No. 3 mixed, 87½c to 88½c; No. 4 mixed, 86½c to 87½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 36½c to 37½c; No. 3 white, 35½c to 36½c; No. 4 white, 34½c to 35½c. Barley—Choice to fancy, 66c to 69c; medium to good, 62c to 65c; lower grades, 59c to 61c. Rye—No. 2, 92½c to 95½c. Flax—No. 1 flaxseed, \$2.47½ to \$2.48½.

## WINNIPEG LIVESTOCK

United Livestock Growers Limited report as follows for the week ending August 28, 1925:

Receipts this week: Cattle, 10,405; hogs, 2,124; sheep, 350. Last week: Cattle, 10,179; hogs, 3,143; sheep 944.

Receipts of livestock on the Union Stock Yards, St. Boniface, during the past week are much the same as the previous week. The cattle trade, taking it all the way through, has been fairly active, prices being steady to a shade stronger in spots. Choice butcher steers suitable for the export trade averaged from \$6.00 to \$6.50, good butcher steers changing hands at from \$4.50 to \$5.50, with a few of the better qualities up to \$6.00 and \$6.25. Best butcher heifers were in demand at around \$5.00, with the medium kinds from \$4.25 to \$4.50. A few good export cows brought \$4.00, medium to good kinds from \$3.00 to \$3.50. The stocker and feeder trade all week was at times quite keen, there being a very brisk enquiry from both the south and east for good quality dehorned feeders to put on grass. Calves sold quite steady, top vealers making from \$7.00 to \$7.50, with an odd one at \$8.00; medium kinds from \$4.00 to \$6.00, common calves from \$2.00 to \$4.00.

With the prospects of a light run of hogs in sight for the next week, the hog market developed a very strong undertone and thick smooths advanced from 25c to 45c over last week, thick smooths at time of writing selling from \$13.35 to \$13.45, with lights and feeders from \$12 to \$12.50.

In the sheep and lamb section, deliveries continue very light. Lambs have a top of from \$10 to \$11, fair to good sheep from \$5.00 to \$6.50. The run of sheep and lambs is so light that it is impossible at the present time to fill orders for feeder sheep and lambs or breeding ewes. There is a strong enquiry for this class of stock, but it will be impossible to fill these orders until the run becomes heavier.

The Winnipeg Livestock Exchange has declared Monday, September 7, a holiday, and trading on that day will be suspended. All stock arriving, however, will receive every care and attention in regard to unloading and feeding.

Shippers from Saskatchewan and Alberta should bring health certificates covering their cattle. This is very important.

The following summary shows the prevailing prices at present.

Choice export steers.....	\$6.00 to \$6.50
Prime butcher steers.....	5.50 to 6.00
Good to choice steers.....	5.00 to 5.50
Medium to good steers.....	4.00 to 4.50
Common steers.....	2.50 to 3.00
Choice feeder steers, fleshy..	4.25 to 4.50
Medium feeders.....	3.00 to 3.75
Common feeder steers.....	2.00 to 2.50
Good stocker steers.....	3.25 to 3.75
Medium stockers.....	2.50 to 3.00
Common stockers.....	2.00 to 2.25
Choice butcher heifers.....	5.00 to 5.25
Fair to good heifers.....	3.50 to 4.25
Medium heifers.....	3.00 to 3.50
Stock heifers.....	2.25 to 2.75
Choice butcher cows.....	3.25 to 3.75
Fair to good cows.....	2.50 to 3.00
Cutter cows.....	1.75 to 2.25
Breedy stock cows.....	2.00 to 2.50
Canner cows.....	.75 to 1.25
Choice springers.....	50.00 to 60.00
Common springers.....	20.00 to 25.00
Choice light veal calves.....	6.00 to 8.00
Choice heavy calves.....	4.00 to 4.50
Common calves.....	2.00 to 3.50
Heavy bull calves.....	2.50 to 3.00

## EGGS AND POULTRY

**WINNIPEG**—Eggs: This market shows no change over the preceding week, receipts continuing light and the quality showing gradual improvement. Dealers are paying, delivered, extras 32c, firsts 30c, seconds 26. Poultry: Quotations on the poultry market are, chickens 16c to 20c, fowl 8c to 15c, roosters 8c. Over the week end twelve cars of live fowl were rolling to Montreal from Manitoba.

**REGINA, SASKATOON AND MOOSE JAW**—Eggs: The Saskatchewan egg market has shown little change during the week. Regina reports receipts very light with country prices extras 29c firsts 26c, seconds 23c to 24c. Dealers report approximately 5,000 cases in storage there at present. North Battleford reports eggs scarcer and prices firmer, with gatherers receiving for firsts 30c, and these retailing at 35c. Jobbers are offering extras 31c, firsts 29c, seconds 26c. Poultry: North Battleford reports a fair quantity of chickens of 3½ to 4 pounds, and fowl coming into the market. Live roasters 18c, fowl 12c. The quality is good.

**CALGARY**—Eggs: Receipts here are continuing lighter and at present are not equal to consumptive demand, dealers being forced to revert to storage stocks. Stormy weather during the past week is reported to have some effect on receipts. Dealers are paying country points, extras 32c, firsts 28c, seconds 26c. Poultry—No movement reported.

## BRITISH CATTLE MARKET

Glasgow reports the sale of 480 Canadian cattle. Top quality sold from 12c to 12½c per lb., live weight; medium from 11½c to 12c, and heavies and rough cattle from 10½c to 11½c. Best Scotch cattle ranged from 13½c to 15c, and heavies from 12½c to 13c. There were also 850 Irish cattle offered, extreme top quality selling from 12c to 12½c, medium grades from 11c to 12c, and others from 9½c to 11c.

A total of 650 Canadian stores and 80 Canadian fat cattle were sold at Birkenhead. Store cattle made from 20½c to 21c in sink (dressed weight, including offal). Fat steers sold from 20½c to 21c, cows from 15½c to 17c and bulls from 13c to 14c. Sales of Irish cattle amounted to 2,280 head. Prices on these ranged from 19c to 21c.

London offered 350 Canadian dressed sides mostly at 18c, with choice quality selling up to 20c.

# The Desjardins Co. Ltd.

Saskatoon, Sask.

The 1925 Special, \$950<sup>00</sup>

With 15 H.P. Engine, Blower and Self-Feeder

Separator for Fordson Tractor \$640<sup>00</sup>

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# Weather Prophet

Will let you know 8 to 24 hours in advance.

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Saves TIME and MONEY. Costs Nothing

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The figures under the doors are set on a swivel platform, under which is a dial. The old witch appears when bad weather approaches and Hans and Gretel when the sun is going to shine. It is painted in colors, both outside and in, and is even more ornamental than it looks. You can make the Weather Prophet one of the most valuable pieces of equipment on the farm. Hundreds of subscribers have obtained this unique barometer and would not be without one now. The Experimental Farms have them—your neighbor has one—Why not you?

A double saving is a rare bargain. You get the Weather Prophet free and can save one or two dollars by subscribing for three or five years.

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, WINNIPEG, MAN.



The Weather Prophet is FREE AND POSTPAID if you simply send us one new or renewal subscription to The Guide. We will accept either your own or a neighbor's subscription on this offer. Bear in mind that our regular rates are \$1.00 for one year, \$2.00 for three years and \$3.00 for five years (note the saving). Don't miss this opportunity to obtain FREE OF COST this attractive and valuable gift, along with Western Canada's leading farm journal. Send in your order TODAY.

## Cash Prices at Fort William and Port Arthur August 24 to August 29, inclusive

Date	2 CW	3 CW	Ex Fd	1 Fd	2 Fd	3 CW	4 CW	Rej.	Fd	1 NW	2 CW	3 CW	2 CW	RYE
Aug. 24 .....	56	49	49	48	46	78	75	70	69	240	235	220	98	
25 .....	55	48	48	47	45	77	74	69	69	237	232	217	96	
26 .....	54	48	47	46	45	76	73	68	67	233	228	213	92	
27 .....	55	48	47	46	45	75	72	67	67	234	229	214	92	
28 .....	54	48	47	46	45	75	71	67	67	235	230	215	91	
29 .....	53	47	46	45	44	73	70	66	66	232	227	212	87	
Week Ago .....	56	50	49	48	46	81	78	72	71	245	240	226	101	
Year Ago .....	56	54	54	53	51	89	85	81	81	235	..	..	86	



## MISCELLANEOUS

## HONEY

**PETTIT'S CLOVER HONEY.** NATURE'S purest sweet. Will deliver two 60-pound crates, Manitoba, 17; Saskatchewan, 17½; Alberta-B.C., 18 cents pound. Light Amber, 16, 16½, 17. Mixed Clover-Buckwheat, 14½, 15, 15½. Quantity discounts. The Pettit Apiaries, Georgetown, Ontario. 34-7

**PURE ONTARIO HONEY, MAPLE SYRUP.** Ontario apple butter, Ontario apples. Low price and guaranteed. Write R. Rosebrugh, corner First Avenue and Twentieth Street, Saskatoon, Sask. 34-2

**PURE CLOVER HONEY FROM OUR OWN** beeyard, in five or ten pound pails, delivered free: Alberta, 17c; Saskatchewan, 16c; Manitoba, 15c. Guy Kember, RR 1, Sarnia, Ont. 35-3

**HONEY FOR SALE—60-LB. CRATE, CLOVER** and Basswood, \$8.40. Clover and Buckwheat, \$6.00. Henry Hartley, Norwich, Ont. 35-5

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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**SALESMEN WANTED—IF YOU HAVE SALES** ability and can devote your entire time to our business we can give you a good position that will assure you a regular income. We handle a most complete line of general merchandise for sale direct to consumers. High-class salesmen can make good money. Wylie Simpson Company Limited, Winnipeg, Man. 32-6

**WANTED—A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE MAN,** either on full or part time, to sell "Wear-Ever" aluminum kitchen utensils by our exclusive demonstration, method direct to consumer. This is an opportunity for you to establish a good business of your own. Apply by letter only. Northern Aluminum Co. Ltd., c/o H. C. Irwin, 207 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.

**SALESMEN WANTED FOR CANADA'S GREAT-EST** Nurseries. Large list of hardy stock recommended by Western Government Experimental Stations. Highest commissions, exclusive territory. Handsome free outfit. Stone and Wellington, Toronto. 31-8

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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**KILL WOLVES, COYOTES—MICKELSON'S** Coyote Capsules, now stronger, quick death. Mailed postpaid, 30 capsules, \$1.50; 100, \$4.00. Anton Mickelson Co. Ltd., 141 Smith St., Winnipeg, makers of Mickelson's famous Gopher Poison.

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**THE OLD RELIABLE POULTRY HOUSE**  
**HENS** 5 lbs. and over, 15-17c; 4-5 lbs., 13-15c; under 4 lbs., 11-12c  
Chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 20-21c  
Chickens, under 4 lbs., Highest Market Price  
All prices f.o.b. Winnipeg, guaranteed until next issue. Crates shipped promptly on request. Cash payments.

**ROYAL PRODUCE CO.**

**97 AIKINS STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.**

## Editors Visit Canada

Members of the American Agricultural Editors' Association, with their wives, making a party of about 70, arrived in Winnipeg, on August 24, on the start of a two weeks' tour of Western Canada. The party represented farm papers in the United States, with an aggregate circulation of approximately 10,000,000, and they will tell their millions of readers all that is worth knowing about Western Canada on their return.

The visitors were received in Winnipeg by representatives of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and members of the staffs of agricultural papers published in Winnipeg, and the morning was spent at the Agricultural College, where the visitors were also entertained to lunch by the College.

In the afternoon a number of the visitors from the wheat-growing states met R. F. Chapman, F. W. Ransom and R. M. Mahoney, of the Manitoba Wheat Pool, in a private room in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, and were given a full account of the history and organization of the wheat pools in the three prairie provinces. They displayed a great interest in the pools and plied the representatives of the pool with a great number of questions. The verdict of the party was that the organization of the pools in Canada was a wonderful work, and one that the Western Canadian farmers might well be proud of.

The visitors at night were the guests at dinner of The Grain Growers' Guide, the Nor'West Farmer and the Manitoba Free Press and Free Press Prairie Farmer, the chair being occupied by D. B. MacRae, acting editor-in-chief of the Free Press. In a few felicitous words he welcomed the visitors and hoped they would have a successful tour. He was supported by P. M. Abel, of The Guide, in the absence of G. F. Chipman, who was unable to attend through illness, and H. B. Smith, of the Nor'West Farmer. A. B. Calder, of the Canadian Pacific Railway; H. F. Tilley, of the Canadian National, and R. J. C. Stead, of the Dominion Department of Immigration, who will accompany the visitors throughout the trip, also extended a cordial welcome, to which suitable replies were made by members of the party; C. A. Cobb, president of the association, expressing appreciation on its behalf of the excellent reception they had been given.

The party left at an early hour on the morning of August 25, and were booked for stops at Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Brooks, Calgary, Banff and Lake Louise. On the westward journey they are the guests of the C.P.R. On the return journey their host will be the Canadian National, and they will stop over at Jasper, Edmonton, Wainwright and Saskatoon. They will leave Vancouver on September 1, and are due back in Winnipeg on September 6.

## The Romance of Varnish

The most mysterious and least understood things often are the most commonplace. For instance, who knows from whence comes varnish, of what it

is made, or the romance of this oldest of finishing processes, now almost extinguished by modern science?

Like the buffalo, real varnish has almost disappeared. The dripping tears of a thousand trees gave the beautiful and enduring varnish and lacquer of the ancient Hindu, and the more ancient Chinese. But modern science has almost dried the tears of the Burmese theetsee and the Indian marking-nut tree which once supplied the world. Originally the gums exuded, like tears, from a dozen varieties of tropical trees in Burma, India, Japan, in the Andes, and Peru, and the East Indies were the sole sources of varnish, together with parings from amber, which, after all, is only the petrified gum of trees of an earlier era. The words used to describe the gums have almost disappeared from common usage—anime, copal, mastie, garboge, tumerie—and the demand for finely-finished surfaces long since exceeded the demand for these purest substances which made the ever-enduring, stony-hard lacquer and varnish surfaces which grace ancient oriental treasures.

Soon resins and turpentine, asphaltum and a dozen other substances having something of the same chemical formation came to supplement the naturally small supply of gums exuded by the ancient trees. Better furniture and large numbers of automobiles put demands upon the varnish and lacquer makers which forced the adulteration of the market with substitutes, which, while practically as good, yet were not the original, age-wearing varnish and lacquer.

After a time and quite by accident, chemists came upon a new finish made from nitro-cellulose waste, which is not a substitute for varnish, but which is a new finish—one infinitely better than the best lacquer of even the olden days. It supplants it, just as a steamship supplants the sailer, though still a ship; and as the aeroplane supplants the horse and buggy, though still a passenger vehicle.

Lowing herds of beef and dairy cattle supplanted the bison; motor cars supplanted Red River carts, when necessity became the mother of invention. So, likewise, lacquered finish, known by half-a-dozen trade names, comes to supplant the finish of the ancients, when necessity again moves invention to action.

**WRIGLEY'S**  
**AFTER**  
**EVERY**  
**MEAL**

affords  
benefit as well  
as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth  
and a spur to digestion. A long-  
lasting refreshment, soothing to  
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The World Famous  
Sweetmeat, untouched  
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TIGHT  
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## Grain Wagon Box Sheets

Size 132 inches by 38 inches heavy galvanized sheets to cover bottom of grain wagon boxes to prevent leakage of grain. Price reasonable.

Ask your dealer or write direct to  
**WESTERN STEEL PRODUCTS LTD.**  
(Amalgamated with  
The Metallic Roofing Co., Ltd.)  
**WINNIPEG, MAN.**  
Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton,  
Port Arthur, Vancouver

## The Cheerful Plowman

By J. Edw. Tafft



## Selecting a Harper!

Our Pete's engaged, the rascal, he told me so today, to William Harper's daughter, the youngest, Alice May! A peachy girl, I'm thinking, a beauty. I'll be bound, as nice a looking lassie as ever could be found! And thrifty; all the Harpers are careful, shrewd and wise; they all have minds in working, and clever hands and eyes! Old Granddad Jasper Harper came here in early day, and though his neighbors floundered he made his efforts pay. He built good barns and houses, he raised good hens and kine, he raised good mules and horses, good garden stuff and swine. He had six handsome daughters who married well and sane, and four fine boys who prospered at farming in the main. Now, William is the youngest of Jasper Harper's boys, a man who runs his business with neither show nor noise, and yet who prospers yearly like Jasper did before; who keeps the wolves from snooping expectant at his door! This William has five daughters: Evangeline and Nell live just across the river, and both are married well. The younger three: Pandora, Lenore and Alice May, are home to spend the winters, in summer they're away; they're all three worthy ladies, as good as one can find, ambitious, bright and snappy; industrious and kind! Yes, Pete's a lucky fellow to claim so fine a pearl, a mighty lucky rascal to get so good a girl; but as I say the Harpers from Jasper Harper down, have always been the finest between my place and town, and since Pete's bound to marry somebody, soon or late, I'm glad it is a Harper with whom he'll link his fate!



## The Stranger Within the Gate

Continued from Page 24

and checked Lane with a gesture as he was about to rise.

Suddenly Hill pushed his half-eaten breakfast away from him, and rose to his feet.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he said, disregarding Lane. "I ought to have gone before. 'Won't you let me speak to you, Grace, before I go?'"

Lane snorted, indignantly.

"I can't go," Hill continued, urgently, "until I've explained."

Grace gazed for a moment into his pale face, while waves of pain seemed to sweep over her.

"This afternoon," she said, curtly.

She was dressed to go out when he knocked at the door.

"Let's walk towards the gorge," she said, in answer to his look of enquiry. "I'm tired of being indoors."

"I've had a queer feeling about that gorge, ever since I came here," he said. "I wonder if I had a forewarning that we should some day take this walk."

"I suppose you must have known that you would be sure to be found out some day," said Grace, coldly.

They reached a point where the path commenced to slope. The precipitous sides of the gorge were cut by wooded ravines from which trees in little clumps and scattered units strayed out on the plains above. At the first of these clumps, Grace halted. "I suppose this will do as well as anywhere," she said. "What have you to say?"

"Don't speak like that!" he burst out. Then, more calmly, "I hate to hear you speak as though I were a criminal, but of course you think I am. I was awake all night, trying to see my way through. But it's all a terrible mess, and there seems no way out."

"Your duty seems very obvious to me," said Grace.

"Wait till you hear it all. It's a queer fix, whichever way you look at it. You probably won't be able to believe me, and if you do you'll think me mad. That's what I've feared all along. That's why I've never told anyone. Listen to this: To the best of my knowledge I was born on the road west of your farm, just a day or two before I came to your house!"

"Born!" echoed the girl, weakly.

"Born!" he repeated. "Oh, of course not this body of mine; that is twenty-five or thirty years old, I should imagine. But so far as this thing I call 'me' is concerned, that was where I began."

"Do you mean," she asked, incredulously, "that you have no recollection of anything that occurred before then?"

"Not a thing!" he declared, emphatically. "It is just as though a thick curtain had been let down, completely shutting off the whole of my past."

It was a strange statement, but it explained so much his behavior that before had puzzled Grace that she felt bound to believe him. A sudden warmth came stealing through her and she felt a strange lightening of her spirits.

"You didn't know you had a wife," she said, softly, "until I showed you that cutting?"

"No," he agreed. "But I didn't know that I hadn't. I ought to have gone away when you first began to mean so much to me. But I was too weak to break away, and, honestly, it never occurred to me that you might feel the same."

Her hand stole out and rested upon his. "I'm glad," she said, simply.

They stood for a time in silence, then she shivered a little and withdrew her hand. "What are you going to do, now?" she asked. "Return to your wife?"

"I suppose I must," he answered. "At least I shall go and see her."

Grace shivered again.

"You are cold," he said, "let us walk on."

"Can't you recollect what your wife was like, at all?" she asked, as they moved away. Then she flushed, conscious that a little pang of jealousy had prompted the question.

"I can't even remember that such a person existed, Grace!" he broke out,

suddenly. "I simply can't go back to that woman, loving you as I do!"

A thrill of fear shot through the girl. "You must!" she said. "It's your duty. Perhaps when you meet her again your love for her will all come back."

"Never!" he cried, passionately.

The path which they had been following reached a stile which gave on to a main road. Hill helped her over in silence, his face working with the stress of his emotion.

"Don't let us go down there!" said Grace, as he commenced to move on. "That's where the motorist ran over the edge into the gorge."

He stood for a moment looking down the hill, while the hidden river filled the air with its threatening roar. Suddenly, he startled her with an inarticulate exclamation, and commenced to run. A horrible comprehension of his intention clutched her and she sped after him, calling wildly. At the very brink of the gorge, he dropped upon a boulder and buried his face in his hands.

"Sam!" she pleaded, clutching his shoulder. "What is it?"

"Hush!" he commanded. "Wait!"

She had turned to look shudderingly into the gorge when she felt his arms about her, and his kisses on her face.

"Sam!" she exclaimed, looking up into his transfigured face. "Are you mad?"

"Mad? Yes! But it's with joy, this time. It has all come back to me, every bit. I'm not that Lampson fellow, and I'm not even married. My name's Harry Noble, and I'm free! Do you understand what that means, Grace? I'm free!"

"Harry Noble?" she echoed, uncomprehendingly. "The man who went over in the car?"

He nodded, and she felt him shudder as his eyes turned to the gorge.

"I remember coming down the hill and the brakes refusing to act. Then I struck the bend here, and closed my eyes as I shot out over the edge."

He stepped to the edge and looked down.

"How did I ever survive that?" he murmured. "No wonder I felt as though I had been through a mill!"

A strange numbness invaded Grace's being. The reaction had been too strong.

He stepped to her side and took her arm.

"Let us go home," he said, gently. "I have some telegrams to send."

In the evening he came to her, bringing the replies. One was from a chief-of-police, at Brent City, stating that Lampson had been located on a nearby farm. The other contained, breaking through the cold formality of a telegram, the joy of a mother whose son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found. And Grace, smiling though her eyes were wet, gave him the welcome he desired.

### More Canadian Cattle Wanted

A few weeks ago, Mr. A. V. Alexander, discussing the question of clean meat, raised in Parliament the question of the importation of Canadian store cattle and heifers as well as cattle intended for slaughtering. The importance of this wider opening of the door to Canadian cattle has been discussed also by the Northern Market Authorities' Association, with a view to persuading the Minister of Agriculture to make an Order authorizing the importation of Canadian dairy cows and heifers. The Association passed a resolution requesting the Town Clerk of Glasgow to urge upon the Glasgow Corporation the advisability of calling a meeting of municipalities and other bodies (chiefly the co-operative organization) who constituted the Free Importation of Canadian Cattle Association with the object of sending a deputation to the minister. Other similar bodies passed similar resolutions, and the Glasgow Town Clerk wrote to the minister asking if he would receive such a deputation. The reply was a refusal; and, although plausibly worded, the refusal simply means that vested interests which so long blocked the way to the removal of the embargo on Canadian cattle still stands in the way of any further extension of the importation at present legalized. The local authorities, however, have not yet finished with their demands. — Manchester Co-operative News.



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